National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXVI. NO. 13. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1865. WHOLE NO. 1,313

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT $3.00 PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

5 *South Fifth Street, Philadelphia.*

LETTERS should be addressed to *Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman st., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

FREEDOM FOR THE WHITES.

From the Daily News.

THE negro, if not yet "free" in law, is certainly more than free in fact. Free he is to idle, but happily not, as in the case of the white man, free to starve. For, behold you, the Freedman's Bureau of centralized benevolence knows no charity save only for those whose complexion brings them within the tender sympathies due, first of all, to "a man and a brother." Hunger and nakedness and houselessness and unnurtured sickness, have found their type immemorially in blanched faces. But the black man—pet of humanity for now nearly a century—has always, even in bondage, been fed to fatness; and shall it be said, now that he is *elevated* into the paradise of the freedom of all the humanities, that he shall be allowed, like a dog of a white man, to pine to death for want of food? Free he is, we repeat, free to idle, free to debauch; but that he should, like a mere white man, be as a consequence free to starve a murrain on the inhuman wretch who refuses to pray: The Freedman's Bureau forbid!

And the negro, mark you, shall not be only free to idle without starving. That were, indeed, a poor result of four years—of such "loyalty" as the world never before saw, and—if it be not impious to say so—as we trust most earnestly it never may again. The negro must be not only free to idle without starving, but, mark you, white man, he must also be free to vote without thinking. Intelligence may be, if you will, necessary in the case of the voting of the *freeman*, but, in the case of the voting of the *freedman*, bless you, it is superseded by his instinctive "loyalty." And his loyalty, too, is not like that of even the Black Republicans of the *inferior* race: untainted by speculations in glandered horses, cotton, commissions, or shoddy contracts; it rises superior to all the temptations of Government pap, save the pap of the Christian charity which flows in milk and honey from the black humanity, whose great heart beats as lustily the pendulum of the City Hall clock, in the bosom of the Freedman's Bureau!

But the privileges of the delighful Utopia of the darkey are all very fine. The bright side of the picture is, however, the black. The other side is somewhat worthy of, at least, a little attention. While the negro is being fattened into the intellectual condition proper to the voter, we regret to mar that happy fact, by hinting that the white man has been somewhat neglected of late in reference to some little enjoyments equally proper to that voter. Starve he may if he sees proper: that is among the privileges of his complexion. His vote, too, counts just as much even when his stomach is empty, and the hungrier the rascal is, the more will he feel of that spirit of "loyalty" which, consisting of bowing down to the will of the Central Power, comports best with abject humbleness.

As a voter, however, the white man ought, we submit, be *allowed* to vote. Tennessee practice of this halcyon reign of Parson Brownlow is, we venture to hint, an abatement of the modest rights which may be asked humbly for the white, as for crumbs from the Federal table that groans with so many good things for "a man and a brother." Freedom of election, unrestricted by the test oaths, unintimidated by the bayonets that, in this reign of profound peace, restrict and intimidate it to-day in Tennessee, is, we presume to suggest, a concession that may, without any injury to the black man, be made, at the gracious pleasure of power, to the white. Now that the darkey has been introduced, under the light of flashing bayonets as a witness into the courts of law, we dare humbly to intimate, if only to give the favored individual the opportunity of enjoying that privilege on all occasions, that the poor white receive the favor of his white-born right of trial by jury. That right is claimed for the darkey, and on the ground of the claim in his case, we submit it ought to be accorded to the white. Prescriptive right, too, applies in the latter case, while it does not in the case of the negro. And furthermore, all the humanities that cover the darkey in one of the very broadest cloaks ever worn by charity, concur in hallelujahs to the tune that a man is a man, notwithstanding that his skin be white. On these grounds, not, be it premised, as arguments for rights, but as pleadings for mercies, we pray Federal power—and we do so in humility proper to the fact that our own skin is of the prescribed color—to grant men whose cuticles are transparent the inestimable privilege of trial by jury.

Trial by jury, if graciously granted to men of our color, becomes, however, valueless, unless accompanied by other privileges. We are fully aware of the danger of asking from the benevolence of arbitrary power too much. We know full well that the difficulty in the way of the kindly feelings of absolutism has always been, that the granting of one concession is but the opening of the door to an eternal pother about a hundred others. With these considerations before our eyes, we yet venture to approach the foot of the throne of the Federal supremacy, to plead that its grant of trial by jury to white men will be utterly worthless, unless accompanied by a gracious concession of authority to the old writ of habeas corpus. A woman has only just been launched into eternity at Washington, with "a short shrift and a long rope," deprived of her life, unanointed and unanealed, because of the loss of the ancient virtue of the habeas corpus. A late functionary of the supreme legislature of the supreme government of the supreme centralization that rules the country, has, by reasons of his exercise of "free speech," been just flung into prison by military violence, because, unlike the black man, he, as a white man, stood outside the beneficence of the writ of habeas corpus! And if this writ—now that the country enjoys, and for several months has enjoyed, profound peace—be graciously conceded, the white men of the country, by the supreme, sublime, or serene authority that sits enthroned at Washington, they will, as becometh humble memorialists, forever pray.

And in putting up our petition for a grant of freedom of election, trial by jury and the writ of habeas corpus, we presume respectfully to submit the wisdom of making these concessions. The withholding of them from men of our complexion will never be sustained by any party that can be formed among the whites. The thrice blessed darkey may or may not vote without thinking, under some hotbed process of the Freedman's Bureau; but unless his vote is to count—as we submit, respectfully, would be unfair—as five, compared with the vote of a mere white, he will leave the Administration that denies men of our color the concessions we ask for here in a hopeless minority. Short of a suppression of the freedom of election, short of, in fact, the suppression of election absolutely, the President is, we therefore submit, be his other shortcomings what they may, too acute *a politician* to allow himself to drift any further into a policy that, withholding all the privileges prayed for in this writing, must place both himself and his administration outside the range of all possible combinations of party. And on this ground, venturing on it as the mild persuasion of a man of the prescribed color, we ask the High Mightiness which has risen at Washington out of the smoke of battle to grant to our brethren, the whites of these United States, as far as it may not be an invasion of the humanities which belong by prior right to the blacks, the gracious favor of freedom of election, trial by jury and the supremacy of that first and last of the safeguards of the person of the citizen, the writ of habeas corpus.

THE ADMINISTRATION POLICY.

From the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph, July 19.

"Those who own the land have the capital to employ help, and therefore some of our Northern friends are deceived when they, living afar off, think they can exercise a greater control over the freedmen than the Southern men, who have been reared where the institution of slavery has prevailed. Now, he did not want the late slave-holders to control the negro votes against white men. Let each State judge of the depository of its own political power."

This was the emphatic declaration of President Johnson, which he is reported to have made in his late interview with the South Carolina delegation.

It is useless to argue the question to which the President alluded—universal suffrage—here in the South, and we only refer again to the position taken by him, for the purpose of allaying fears indulged in by a few among us, that the United States authorities will endeavor to force upon us another rule. Every one knows that if left to themselves the people of the South will settle the question with the greatest unanimity, and without any controversy whatever. But some fear interference "by authority," and we invite the attention of all such to the fact that the policy of the Administration is to "let each State judge of the depository of its own political power."

It may be that the Republican party will yet be dragged on the platform of universal political equality, and become the advocates of a removal of all social and political disabilities that exist, so far as the blacks are concerned. Perhaps a large number of that party will support the new theory. Hence, such ultras as Chase, Sumner, Phillips, etc., may yet lead a party of Radicals of great strength. But the great majority, even at the North, will ever recognize the fact that the two races are distinctive—that the Creator intended them to be separate, and He will ever keep them separate. The majority will remember that whenever different places have amalgamated, and this is sure to occur when political equality exists, at some period—the result has been social degradation.

"Let each State judge of the depository of its own political power," is the policy of the Administration. Around this standard will rally the conservatives of the party that elected Mr. Johnson, and, as it is apparent, the radicals will force the issue on the country, persistently from this time forward, he will at once have a powerful political influence to support his views. The Democrats will also support this policy. There is, therefore, no danger of the triumph of the radicals, and those who are indulging fears to the contrary are borrowing trouble that will never overtake them.

GEN. SHERMAN AND THE NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

THE radical revolutionists will please augment the volume of their howl. Gen. Sherman has again "betrayed" the country—that is to say, that portion of it covered by Boston and Framingham. At Indianapolis, on Tuesday, he declared, in his speech to the thousands of grateful citizens who welcomed him, that he "opposed negro suffrage and indiscriminate intercourse with the whites." He believed "the whites must have the governing power;" and he thought the negroes "might be colonized in Florida, and admitted to representation in Congress."

"Colonized in Florida!" And are the radicals to be deprived of the privilege of "colonizing" them in *every* State on the occasion of a general election?

"Admitted to representation!" And are they not to be admitted as representatives?

Curse the hero, ye Phillipses and Parsonses and Butlers and Sumners and Anna Dickinsons! For never, since he led his great army in the immortal march from Atlanta to the Atlantic, bringing in certain spoils of war, tersely enumerated by him as "many negroes, mules, and horses," has there been so good an opportunity for casting foul words at the most brilliant soldier of modern times.—*N. Y. World.*

ANDREW JOHNSON AND JOHN BROWN.

In a speech in the Senate, soon after the execution, Andrew Johnson said:

"John Brown stands before the country a *murderer*. The enormity, the extraordinary ferociousness of the father set the son mad. The blood of these murdered men—not unlike that of sacrificed Abel—cried even from the tongueless caverns of the earth to him for pity and to heaven for justice; but his iron heart not soul refused to yield; but Heaven in process of time, has meted out to him justice on the gallows."

* * * * * * *

"But the Senator (Mr. Doolittle) talks about the school in which John Brown was taught. Why, sir, John Brown, according to his own confession, had entertained these ideas for twenty years. John Brown did not go to Kansas to go to school. He went as a teacher on the 24th of May. At the midhour of night, from the wife and mother he dragged the husband and two sons, and imbrued his hands in their blood. These were the doctrines he went there to teach. He did not go there to be taught; but he went there as a teacher. These were his teachings. Imagine the cries and lamentations on the one hand, and the shrieks of the dying and mutilated on the other. I think sometimes that I hear shrieks so loud, so wild, so clear, that even listening angels stoop from Heaven to hear. This is the man for whom an apology is offered." * * * * * * *

"And yet these things are thrown out, perhaps not intended, but they do operate as an excuse, an apology in the minds of many, for the infamy, the murders, the thieving, the treacherous conduct of this old man Brown; who was nothing more than *a murderer, a robber, a thief, and a traitor.*"

NEGRO SUFFRAGE AGAIN.

From the Vicksburg Herald, July 12.

We give place this morning to a communication on this subject. The writer evidently does not understand the difference between a gentleman being appointed or elected to do the State printing, and being employed to act as "organ" for the State. The *Herald* is the "organ" of no man or set of men, official or otherwise. It is simply the journal selected for the publication of State papers. We are no more the organ of Governor Sharkey than he is of us. We don't own a governor—have no use for one, nor does he own us. In bygone days, when Governor Sharkey was in a minority, he did not undertake to buy up the press, and we hardly think he will find it necessary to enter the market now that he is the chosen man of the government, and the people too.

Our correspondent enters within the temple and takes hold of the horns of the altar, for the benefit of the "poor, houseless, homeless, landless race." We suppose it never occurred to him that a "poor houseless, homeless, landless race" was not likely to make the best kind of citizens to be intrusted with the elective franchise.

There is not a man with half an idea in the neighborhood of where brains ought to be, that does not know that the negroes of the South are ignorant, lazy, trifling, deceptive, and when not controlled, perfectly worthless. It is true that a few intelligent negroes can be found around our larger cities and towns, but they are a mere drop to the ocean, compared with the laborers from the plantations. The free negroes, are, if possible, more degraded and depraved than the late slaves.

Did it ever occur to our correspondent, who quotes scripture so fluently, that the Israelites, when they were relieved from bondage, were not immediately transferred to the "happy land of Canaan;" but that they were kept many years in the wilderness to fit them for the enjoyment of the promised land. We commend him to this fact. It is barely possible that the people of the South might not believe that every free person is capable of being admitted to the polls. In fact, citizenship no more carries with it the right to vote than it does the right of property without legal compensation. There has always been a clamor among a few agitators and fanatics to give women the right of suffrage, but it has never even been seriously considered by the country. We believe that the deliberate conviction of mankind will justify the Southern people in withholding the right of suffrage from a race incapable of exercising it. In many of the Southern States, the negroes greatly outnumber the whites, and the deluge of negroes at the polls, in these States, would render rehabilitation a farce, and result in the debasement of the whites, instead of the amelioration of the negro.

Selections.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE ON NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

AT the recent commencement at Dartmouth College (says the Dover, N. H., *Enquirer*), Chief Justice Chase, who was present, being called upon for some remarks, spoke briefly but with much force and point in reference to national matters. Resolutions had been proposed at a meeting of the alumni of the college to raise a fund for the erection of a suitable memorial of those sons of Dartmouth who have fallen in battle for their country during the recent war, and after remarks by Gen. Shepley of Maine and others, the name of Mr. Chase having been announced by the Chairman, he arose amidst the most deafening applause, which continued for several moments, and spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I feel oppressed with the many kind allusions that have been made here concerning myself, and for these numerous expressions of your warm personal regard, be pleased to accept my sincerest thanks. For many reasons I would be silent to-day, yet here among so many of my brothers I feel it not only a duty but a pleasure to give expression to my views concerning the important resolutions now under consideration. Gen. Shepley wishes you to erect a beautiful memorial building in commemoration of the noble sons of Dartmouth who have fallen in the great conflict of the past four years. This is well: but I would suggest that, of the reorganized country they died to save, we erect a memorial that will endure forever. I believe, gentlemen, that we should be honest in the expression of our views upon all subjects. My motto has always been to form my ideas and then put them into acts. And in relation to national matters I am free to say that I believe one of the first things which ought to be done is to give to every man in this country who is unattainted of crime the right to vote. (Great Applause.) I believe there is virtue in the colored people of the South. They do not possess college-educations, but (turning to Gov. Smyth) men can be Governors without a liberal course of study. (Applause.) They can be Presidents also. (More Applause.) At the time when I was in politics I believe the main duty was to vote the ticket. Well, there are intelligent colored people in the South sufficient to make up the ticket, and the others will vote it. Now how many gentlemen here can put their hands on their hearts and give the exact reasons why they voted the last general ticket? I refer to His Excellency, (Gov. Smyth) to the Ex-Judge, (Eastman) to the President and to the Ex-President, (Lord) and ask them to tell me why they so voted if they can. I hear no reply, and would say that, if you cannot answer my query, you must not object to the colored people voting on the ground that they wouldn't know what they are about. (Applause.)

Now I look to the *moral* element as the main qualification for exercising the right of suffrage. Now, gentlemen, the moral element greatly predominates in the colored people. An acquaintance of mine said he was opposed to universal suffrage among the blacks, but remarked that those colored persons who have fought in the army, who can read and write and who belong to the church, ought to vote. Well, I said to my friend, that is all right, for those who don't belong to the church to-day can all join to-morrow. (Applause.) It might not be a very moralizing process, but it would accomplish the object in view. Now I don't believe the constitutions of the seceded States should determine the qualifications for voting. I have talked with our good President at Washington on this subject, and he doesn't exactly agree with me, but I have hopes that I shall bring him round to it before long. (Applause.) Through this great war the colored people have been freed, and I believe that all free men are citizens. My theory is that in the South the States remain States, but that the people are not the same people as heretofore. The organizations of the rebel States have been destroyed, and we most go to the people to reorganize these States. Now who are the people? In reply I would say that I believe this war has made every colored man, woman, or child just as much one of the people as the whites, (great applause) and I believe that the whole people are to reorganize the rebel States. I furthermore believe that the Government has no more right to bar one citizen (unless attainted by crime) from voting than another. These, Mr. President, are the sincere views of my heart, and I have felt it my duty to express them to you. If any of my hearers do not readily endorse my ideas, I would at least ask that you give them a careful consideration. In conclusion, gentlemen, I would simply say, let us build not only the memorial monument, but from a reconstructed country that other monument of national greatness which, towering toward the skies, shall "catch the first rays of the rising and the last rays of the setting sun," and which shall remain forever the symbol of right, of justice, and of freedom.

LEAF FROM A WEST INDIAN JOURNAL.

[The journal from which the following extract was taken (says the Boston *Daily Advertiser*,) was kept by a member of the bar of Massachusetts, who passed the last winter in Barbadoes for his health:]

Scarcely thirty years have elapsed since the complete emancipation of slaves in the English colonies; and although the period is obviously too brief to obliterate entirely the prejudices between the two races, it has been sufficiently long to demonstrate both the wisdom of the act, and the fitness of the colored men for the exercise of their rights and privileges as active members of society. The latent energies which have been smothered by oppression, and had slumbered in the inactivity incidental to slavery, have already manifested themselves to such a degree as entirely to refute any and all theories based upon the inferiority of races. To-day, the colored men occupy a position which their most sanguine friends could hardly have expected; and a position, too, to which they have fought their way under many and great difficulties. Their freedom at first was purely nominal, because poverty made them completely dependent. It is at present as purely real, because the difficulties which originally beset them have been fought and overcome. How much farther advanced they might be, had they been placed at first on an equal footing, had they been free from the influence of their late masters, or whether indeed their progress would not have been retarded, is only matter of speculation. But this at least may be affirmed, that their present position is highly creditable to them. Many have acquired by their industry sufficient property to rank them among the wealthiest planters and traders in the islands where they reside; and considering success in business a criterion of ability, they may be regarded as competent business men. The children of some of the wealthy negroes have been thoroughly educated in England or Scotland; and some whom I met with were among the most cultivated persons I have ever known. As mechanics and artisans they are altogether indispensable. The whites were never accustomed to heavy manual labor, and the lighter and more delicate work was soon usurped by the colored men, when once at liberty to compete on even terms. Their position as freeholders gives all the privileges as electors in parish and colonial meetings, and the parochial and general councils and legislatures have their share of colored representatives. It is not necessary to say that they outshine their white neighbors in debate and legislation, in order to prove their ability, and such is very seldom the case; but it is certainly true that their interests are so well represented as to secure them from open or covert encroachments on the part of the whites.

In the liberal profession, also, they have already assumed and evinced their ability to maintain a respectable position.

Colored clergymen, lawyers, and physicians attend to the spiritual, legal, and physical wants of the community, not, as might be supposed, dispensing alone to the people of their own color, but to people in general who need their professional services.

I was much struck in attending the court one day with the argument of a black lawyer, of unmixed African descent. The case was under the penal clause of the English Bankrupt Law, and was conducted by the Crown officers for the prosecution. I heard the arguments to the jurisdiction of the court, and am bound to acknowledge that in point of cleverness and legal astuteness the black counsel clearly led Mr. Attorney-General; while for sophistry and cunning adroitness he was far in advance of his opponent. On inquiry, I ascertained that the black lawyer was a poor boy, had worked his way to England before the mast to get an education, and had there, by his perseverance and industry, with the assistance of Lord John Russell and some other persons, succeeded in acquiring a sound academic and legal education. An example certainly which some of the whites might profitably follow.

Black magistrates preside over the inferior courts, black men are editors of newspapers, and to a greater or less degree have entered into every branch of industry, and every avenue of business, and have already been able to compete, with a good degree of success, with the whites.

Many of them are, of course, poor, and doubtless will continue to be the laboring class. The redundant population and the very moderate sum paid in wages lead them, in numerous instances, to resort to theft to supply their actual necessities. Great crimes are, however, among the lower population, very rare; and the petty larcenies, which are common and fill the prisons and public works may, perhaps, be charged in some measure to the wealthy class, who make no adequate provision for their wants when unemployed, and do not give them remunerative wages when employed.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS ON COLORED SUFFRAGE.

IN May, 1842, says the Boston *Transcript*, William Costin, a free colored man, died suddenly at the Bank of Washington, D. C. He had been porter of the Bank twenty-four years, and maintained a high character for integrity and punctuality. The Directors of the Bank unanimously passed a resolution expressive of the highest respect for his memory, and a very honorable obituary appeared in the National Intelligencer, stating to his credit, among other things, that "he possessed the unlimited confidence of the President, Directors, and officers of the Bank, and millions of money were allowed to pass through his hands. In no one instance was there ever discovered the slightest defalcation."

John Quincy Adams, speaking on the Suffrage question in the Congress of the United States, not long after, said:

"The late William Costin, though he was not white, was as much respected as any man in the district; and the large concourse of citizens that attended his remains to the grave—as well white as black—was an evidence of the manner in which he was estimated by the citizens of Washington. Now, why should such a man as that be excluded from the elective franchise, when you admit the vilest individuals of the white race to exercise it?"

RICHMOND VA.—HENRY A. WISE.

[The readers of the STANDARD may be interested in a brief report of the progress hitherto, and present status, spirit, hopes, and aspirations of the Principal in the murder of the immortal John Brown, Henry A. Wise. His road has evidently been a hard one to travel, ever since he went out from the presence of the Lord, stained with the blood of one whose shoe-buckle he may be worthy to unloose, some time in the revolving ages, if with God all things continue to be possible. To find his old mansion not only inhabited by "*negroes, or so-called Freedmen*," but the daughter of his arch-enemy, John Brown, their school-teacher, must have been the cup of Tantalus indeed. We quote the special correspondent of the *Tribune*.]

RICHMOND, Va., July 24, 1865.

THE *Richmond Whig* is again before the public, after a suspension of two weeks. Mr. Ridgway has apologized to the government, and Gov. Pierpont, backed by several of our prominent citizens, among whom are J. M. Botts and Franklin Sterns, have petitioned Gen. Terry in behalf of Mr. Ridgway to remove the restrictions. The result is fair and loyal promises for the future; thus far rather singularly sustained.

The *Republic* in an article this morning upon the condition of the State Armory, boldly insists on the return of its guns captured by the Union forces during the war. I append the closing of the article:

"These arms could also be recovered, belonging as they did, and do, to the State, whose disloyal agents could not alienate them by any pretended legislation. All these arms and much other valuable plunder seized by United States officers as trophies of war must be restored, if President Johnson's theory be correct, that no man, or set of men, by whatever name they may call themselves, can take a State out of the Union. If they could not take her out, they certainly had no rightful authority to pass her property to parties inimical to the Union."

Henry A. Wise was figuring at the Governor's this afternoon, and although ordered to his home, would seem to defy authority and again strive to mix himself up in our politics. I have a little incident worth noticing of this man. At the railroad depot of Appomattox Court-house, just after the surrender. Wise, with all the paraphernalia and pomp of a rebel officer, attempted to enter a car set apart for our own officers. As he sought to enter he was informed "that was not the car for paroled prisoners," and inquired of if he was not the man who hanged John Brown. "No," was the reply, "I did not do it; it was the law of Virginia." "Well, you should be hanged not only for treason but for the murder of John Brown." In a state of furious rage, Wise observed: "Young man, I'd rather take a bullet than those words." The reply was; "You can have both;" but Wise took the prisoner's car. I inclose you the correspondence between Wise and the authorities relative to his extensive estate near Norfolk:

THE WISE CORRESPONDENCE.

NORFOLK, Va., June 29, 1865.

To Col. HOWARD, *Commanding, &c.*

COLONEL: On the 10th of April last I was surrendered with the Army of Northern Virginia, at Appomattox, C. H., Va., and in a day or two after received a printed parole, of which the following is a copy:

"APPOMATTOX, C. H., Va., April 10, 1865.

[PAROLED PRISONER'S PASS.]

"The bearer, Brig.-Gen. Henry A. Wise, P. A. C. S. of Virginia, a paroled prisoner of the Army of Northern Virginia, has permission to go to his home, and there remain undisturbed." "B. R. JOHNSON, Major-General."

And I was furnished, by command of Maj.-Gen. John Gibbon, with "General Orders," of which the following is a copy:

"HDQRS, TWENTY-FOURTH ARMY CORPS, APPOMATTOX, C. H., Va., April 11, 1865.

"GENERAL ORDERS, No 43.—By agreement between the officers appointed by Gens. Lee and Grant to carry out the stipulations of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, the evidence that an officer or enlisted man is a paroled prisoner of war is the fact of his certifying to the fact, dated at Appomattox C. H., Va., April the 10th, 1865, and signed by his commanding officer, or the staff officer of the same. All guards, patrols, officers, and soldiers of the United States forces will respect such certificates, allow free passage to the holders thereof, and observe in good faith the provisions of the surrender, that the holders shall remain unmolested in every respect.

"By command of Maj.-Gen. John Gibbon,

"EDWARD MOALE, Lieut.-Col. and A. A. G."

That after leaving Appomattox Court-house and going to Halifax Court-house, and remaining there some time, I started for my home in Princess Anne county, Virginia, and on the 25th of May last reached Isle of Wight Court-house and reported to James A. Allis, Captain of the 3d New York Cavalry, and Provost-Marshal, acting under orders of Col. Geo. W. Lewis, and I remained in Isle of Wight county until Wednesday, the 28th inst., when I reached Norfolk. I am now here desirous of going to my home, at a place called Rolleston, in Princess Anne county, within four miles by water and eight by land of Norfolk, situated on the right of the east branch of Elizabeth River, and "*there to remain undisturbed and unmolested in every respect*," according to the agreement by which I was paroled as a prisoner of war. But, upon proper inquiry and information, found my home occupied by a considerable number of *Freedmen* and others who hinder and disturb my possession, and molest the premises thereof and I am unable to return thereto, and take possession thereof, by reason of their entry and occupation; and it is probably unsafe for me even to visit it and see it in person. I respectfully ask that said negroes, or so-called Freedmen, may be removed from the said place or plantation, called Rolleston; that General Orders No. 43 be carried into effect; and that I may be enabled in accordance with my parole, to return to my home, and to remain there without disturbance or molestation in any respect.

"Most respectfully your obt. servt.,

"HENRY A. WISE.

"Brig.-Gen. on Parole, &c."

[*Indorsements.*]

"HDQRS. SUB-DISTRICT OF NORFOLK, NORFOLK, VA., July 4, 1865.

"Respectfully forwarded, at the request of Mr. Wise. Application disapproved. I see no reason why Mr. Wise should take possession of this house, now used by the Freedman's Bureau, until he has been pardoned by the President; and even then it may be necessary for Mr. Wise to prove ownership, as his brother, probably, has a legal claim to it.

O. L. MANN, Brevet Brig.-Gen., Commanding."

"HDQRS, N. C. DISTRICT FORT MONROE, July 7, 1865.

"Respectfully forwarded. Application disapproved.

"NELSON A. MILES, Brevet Maj.-Gen., Commanding."

"HDQRS. DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA, RICHMOND, Va., July 14, 1865.

"Respectfully returned. The petitioner, Henry A. Wise, abandoned the land and buildings known as Rolleston, Princess Anne county, Va., in 1861, and found a new home for his family, in order that he might to better advantage engage in rebellion and civil war.

"The premises thus abandoned were duly taken possession of by the agents of the Government under the laws in such cases provided, and the application now under consideration is Mr. Wise's first attempt to return to his former home. When he left it, his purpose to return, or *animus revertendi*, if he had any, was evidently conditioned upon his ability to conquer the United States, and forcibly dispossess their agents. He had chosen another home until he could accomplish that result. He has not succeeded. Though he wishes to go to his former home, he does not abandon his status as a 'so-called' officer, but, in fact, makes his claim specifically in that capacity, and as he does so (neglecting to seek pardon and a restoration of right), he must be treated as a rebel prisoner of war, with no rights that we are bound to respect, save those appertaining to a person in that condition, as they may be modified by the terms of the parole.

"The quoted order of Maj.-Gen. Gibbon is only for the instruction of his own command, and has nothing to do with the question.

"The terms approved by Lieut.-Gen. Grant permitted Brig.-Gen. Wise to go to his home and remain there undisturbed, so long as he observed the laws in force where he might reside. It is clear that this referred only to Gen. Wise's 'last and usual place of abode'—the place where his family resided under his direction—the place where a sheriff would leave legal notices; for, in many cases like this the abandoned lands are in possession of Treasury agents and commissioners of the Freedmen's Bureau, and it is and was expressly provided by orders from the President that such lands shall be released only by special authority from the Secretary of the Treasury. Lieut.-Gen. Grant, it is presumed, had not in his mind the restoration of any lost, abandoned, or forfeited property whatever to those whom he captured.

"The Major-General commanding therefore says that he has no power to restore the place called Rolleston to Brig.-Gen. Wise, and certainly he cannot advise such restoration before the latter takes the oath of allegiance to support the Government of which he asks so great a favor. And, moreover, Gen. Wise is admonished that in order to enjoy the privileges of his parole, he ought to go to a present home of his family, as selected by himself, and obey the laws in force, which require him to leave undisturbed the lawful occupants of 'the place called Rolleston.'

"Gen. Wise apparently objects to the term 'freedmen,' as applied to certain colored citizens of Virginia, thus showing that he acknowledges neither his defeat nor the supremacy of the laws in force where he resides. It is a word used merely for convenience in classifying the people. All men are free in Virginia and will so remain. The barbarous practice of enslaving prisoners of war, and their descendants, will never be revived on this continent.

"Brevet Brig.-Gen. Mann, commanding at Norfolk, will cause these papers to be delivered to Brig.-Gen Henry A. Wise, prisoner on parole, etc.

"By command of Maj.-Gen. Terry.

"J. R. HAWLEY, Brig.-Gen. and Chief of Staff."

WRITHINGS OF THE MONSTER.

Special Dispatch to the New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, July 26.

ADMISSIBILITY OF NEGRO TESTIMONY—AN INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT CASE.

REPORTS come in from Maryland and Virginia which show that in the proceedings and trials before the civil courts, colored persons are excluded from participation in causes before these tribunals except as suitors; that they are not permitted to testify as white citizens are in their own behalf, nor in behalf of a party to the suit. A case tried at Alexandria a few days ago fully presented the question of admissibility of the testimony of a colored person. During the trial it was shown that a white man, who is the keeper of a disreputable establishment in the city, sued a well-known and respectable colored man for the recovery of money paid the latter for a horse, which plaintiff alleged was taken from him by a detective as being government property. The colored man was notified to appear at the magistrate's office for trial. He had several witnesses to prove that the plaintiff had stated that the horse died shortly after he purchased it; also, that it was well understood at the time of sale that the defendant did not guarantee his title to the horse. The colored man consulted an able lawyer, who told him it was useless to attempt a defence, as all the witnesses were colored, and their testimony would not be received. On the advice of the Superintendent of Freedmen, etc., the defendant did not attend the trial, and the former presented himself at Court, answered for the defence, represented that he was stationed in the city in charge of freedmen's affairs by proper authority, under an Act of Congress, and read the following officially to the Court:

WAR DEPARTMENT, BUREAU OF REFUGEES, FREEDMEN AND ABANDONED LANDS, WASHINGTON, May 30, 1865.

[EXTRACT.]

CIRCULAR No. 5.—VII. In all places where there is an interruption of civil law or in which local courts, by reason of old codes, in violation of the freedom guaranteed by the proclamation of the President and the laws of Congress, disregard the negroes' right to justice before the laws, in not allowing him to give testimony, the control of all subjects relating to refugees, and freedmen being committed to this bureau, the Assistant Commissioner will adjudicate either themselves or between negroes and whites or Indians, except those in military service, so far as recognizable by military authority not taken cognizance of by the other tribunals, civil or military, of the United States.

(Signed) O. O. HOWARD, Major-General,
Approved June 2, 1865. Commissioner.
(Signed) ANDREW JOHNSON,
President of the United States.

He then in behalf of the defendant moved a discontinuance of the trial, on the ground that under the provisions of the above order the local court had no jurisdiction in the case. The Court would not admit the point, and ordered the trial to proceed. The officer then stated that the chief of his bureau in the War Department, under whom he acted, did not acknowledge the right of the Court to try the case, and that therefore the defendant would not answer the summons of the Court. Proceeding with the trial, the statement of the plaintiff was the only testimony taken, and on that, in default of the appearance of defendant, judgment was given against the latter to the full amount alleged, with cost, and an execution issued for the seizure of the property of the colored man to cover the amount. The civil officer having this in charge was promptly notified by the Superintendent of Freedmen that a military guard would be called for to prevent the execution of the judgment, and the case was reported to Maj.-Gen Howard. Gen. Howard addressed a note to the Mayor of Alexandria, intended to be presented to the Justice of the Peace, in which occurs this passage:

"It is plain to see that the old slave law of Virginia should have no force after slavery has been abolished, and that simple justice and equity require the reception of testimony from freedmen; but as the courts of Alexandria have decided differently, and the matter of jurisdiction is somewhat in conflict between local and United States authorities, and since I have a strong desire not to appeal to force, I have to earnestly request that you transfer cases arising between colored and white persons, and between colored persons themselves, to the jurisdiction of the Provost Courts, or the courts established in accordance with paragraph 7 of Circular No. 5, a certified copy of which I herewith inclose."

The Mayor of Alexandria refused to receive this letter, and on its return, Gen. Howard referred the matter to Gen. Augur, Commandant of the Department of Washington. In this letter of reference Gen. Howard says:

Mayor WARE, treats my communication with marked disrespect, and declines to recognize me, though acting under direct order of the President, as having anything to do with securing justice to freedmen according to the law. He refuses even to give me an answer in writing. I understand that the Justices in the Alexandria local courts agree with the Mayor in this singular proceedure. I recommend that this matter may be again brought before the Mayor and justices of Alexandria through your intervention. As these courts confessedly cannot adjudicate matters between freedmen and other people, please see if some adjustment cannot be had without resorting to force.

Gen. Augur referred the matter to Brevet Brig.-Gen. H. H. Wells, commandant of Alexandria, who, by a conciliatory course, has effected an arrangement whereby all cases that may hereafter arise, and until further orders, between colored and white people, and in all cases where colored people shall be summoned as witnesses, are to be tried before Provost courts, under the seventh paragraph of Circular No. five, above referred to. A similar arrangement will, it is believed, be made with the Maryland local courts.

SPOTS STILL ON THE LEOPARD.—A Richmond paper, says the *Kentucky Free South*, invites emigration to the Old Dominion from the hardy population of the North. Among the inducements offered are these: "A genial country, a hospitable people, easy employment, *indulgent task-masters*," etc. If the natives of Virginia imagine that the industrious working men of the North are going to settle in Virginia, or any Southern State, with the idea of sacrificing a particle of their manliness and individual freedom, they are mistaken. They will go there to be masters of themselves, of their labor and its fruits, and will recognise no superior, though he claims the blood of the Stuarts in his veins. If the Virginians want a laboring class who will recognise their title as task-masters, they will have to go into the Coolie trade. Even the negroes are indisposed to call every body "master," and expect hereafter to be paid for their work, and be treated with that civility that a free man should not only pay to others, but exact for himself.

VITALITY OF THE REBELLION.

[From an article in the Philadelphia *North American* we make the following extracts:]

In the course of a well-written editorial article, headed, "Secession Dies Hard," the Louisville *Journal* tells some very important truths respecting the condition and progress of sentiment at the South, which we commend to the attentive perusal of all loyal men. We regret that we have not space to copy the entire article, but a few extracts may serve to point the moral of what we have to say at the present time. The *Journal* tells us that secession, "defeated, overwhelmed, and utterly crushed in its chosen field of warfare, returns to the charge and seeks to renew the combat through the agency of its old weapons, finesse, fraud, and hypocrisy. It wriggles, crawls, and hair-splits. It falsifies and grumbles. It is one thing here and another there. Now it fawns and whines, and now blusters and bullies. It is truculent and savage where it dares to be, flattering and deceitful where it must be."

This is a picture of the animal drawn on the spot. It is not the wild fancy of a Northern editor, imagining what he portrays. It is a delineation of what the *Journal* is engaged in fighting in Kentucky, and what the loyal men are striving to combat all over the South. That the danger which Northern Republicans apprehend is real and not fanciful, may be seen in the statement of the *Journal* that secession "is manifesting to-day the same malignant and destructive spirit that it has shown for the last thirty years, and it is resorting to the same tactics to accomplish its objects that it exhibited before its head was crushed, and its carcass trampled in the dust, by the tread of the Union forces." In plain English, this tells us that it is a woeful mistake to suppose that the rebelleaders have given up their pernicious designs; that they are now strenuously seeking to use civil means to recover the ground they have lost, and fight over again in Congress and in the States the long and terrible battle of sectionalism. The *Journal* says unequivocally that "if their power for mischief were equal to their purposes, they would reproduce the same terrible and wide-spread disasters; they would bring upon what there is left of the smiling homes of the sunny South the bloody horrors and gloomy desolation from which she has yet scarcely begun to recover."

In view of such things, well may we repeat the ejaculation of the *Journal*: "God pity the South if her people give these men the power—and they are working desperately for it—to involve her in new complications, to bring upon her new and bitter woes."

We have read attentively the proceedings of so-called meetings at the South, and the utterances of professedly loyal newspapers. They all speak of submission to the national authority merely as a melancholy necessity. As for attachment to the Union, not one such declaration have we encountered. We read countless extravagant eulogies on Lee, but not one single word of justice to the heroes who have put down the rebellion and re-established the Union. All who make speeches or write editorials seem anxious to show, by some offensive language, that they have had no lot or part with those who sustained the national government. If there are any real Union men in the South, they are apparently drowned out by the flood of rebels. Not one of them appears to take the lead of public sentiment in the work of reorganization. Strange as it may seem, the address of the deposed rebel Governor of Georgia is the most liberal document we have met with from the South.

We have vainly waited and watched

declaring that the country could not exist half slave and half free, Mr. Johnson was uttering far different sentiments. The speaker said he had read all of Mr. Johnson's speeches which he could find, and in none of them had he found any higher sentiment than deploring the rebellion because it endangered slavery. Mr. Griffin continued at considerable length, denouncing the President's policy of reconstruction, declaring that since the opening gun of Sumter there had not been so solemn an hour as the present.

Deploring the results of the assasination of Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Griffin said the fatal shot of Booth had done more for slavery than all the guns of Lee's army. The roots of slavery were not exterminated anywhere. They ran up under the bastions of the granite mountains of New Hampshire, where ninety-eight miscreants (applause) were found willing to give the system a constitutional existence —making him ashamed to own that he was a New Hampshire man.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1865.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT OF THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

NO STATE SHALL MAKE ANY DISTINCTION IN CIVIL RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES AMONG THE NATURALIZED CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES RESIDING WITHIN ITS LIMITS, OR AMONG PERSONS BORN ON ITS SOIL OF PARENTS PERMANENTLY RESIDENT THERE, ON ACCOUNT OF RACE, COLOR, OR DESCENT.

WHAT THE SOUTH INTENDS.

IT was commonly said during the war that if the South were beaten and the rebellion crushed, the people of the South would revolt against their leaders, and a new set of men control Southern politics. The rule of the slaveholding class was to be destroyed by the reestablishment of the Union. Every day shows that opinion a mistake. In the brief period since Andrew Johnson began his experiments of reconstruction, the South has had time to prove that she still believes in the rebellion and in slavery, that she still means to save all she can of the latter, and to carry forward to an eventual triumph the principles of the former. Not only is slavery not dead, the rebellion is not dead. As it did not begin in 1861, it does not end in 1865. Only open war began and ended in those four years. Having tried craft for forty years, and being beaten in the effort to keep the government wholly on the side of slavery, the South in 1861 tried force. Beaten on that issue, she still has no thought of surrendering the ideas for which she contended, but she goes back to craft and fraud now, just as readily as in 1861 she flew to arms. The South, the Slaveholding class, the Aristocracy, still mean to rule this continent, and their leaders —the same leaders—withdraw their shattered legions from the battle-field they have lost, only to marshal them in a new effort for the possession of the Capital. Mr. Jefferson Davis, indeed, is not at this moment in a position to head this new political movement, and there are others of the more prominent Southern men who will deem it prudent to keep a little while in the background, but they or their representatives are the real heads of the general, concerted, and determined effort making by the Southern aristocracy to resume its supremacy in the national councils.

Whoever has read attentively the evidence as to the condition of the South which our columns have presented for the last two months, does not need to ask for proofs of the temper and purpose that animate the lately insurgent States. But consider a little of the freshest testimony. Let us take the first State on which President Johnson, in his eager hope to conciliate Southern "loyalty," bestowed a Provisional Governor. Mr. Holden—Governor he cannot legally be—has employed his leisure in recommending a vast number of Rebels for pardons, and pardons have actually been issued to many. To so many, in fact, that it is suddenly found that the Convention which Mr. Holden was empowered to call is likely to be taken possession of by those pardoned and nominally repentant Rebels. Mr. Holden is left in a dilemma. If he suffers his Convention to meet, he will find himself and his party summarily dispossessed of power. If he does not permit it to assemble, he disregards the purpose of his appointment and the direction of the President. The Raleigh *Progress* affirms that "the leading Rebels, who are daily receiving pardons, are still more defiant and disloyal than before. Comprising the public men of the State, they have all been designated as delegates to the coming State Convention, which body it is known they will control. *The negroes and Union men are the special objects of their hatred,* whose protection depends entirely upon the enforcement of the Constitution law, which disarms only the disloyal, who will be beyond the reach of the Federal authorities as soon as the new State government is inaugurated. It is understood that this element, who hold State securities for upwards of forty millions of dollars, contracted since the rebellion for war purposes, will make a strong effort to have the same assumed, by not providing against it in the new Constitution, but leaving it to future legislation. Owing to this unexpected exhibition of disloyalty and vindictive arrogance, the Union men are endeavoring to have the call for a State Convention delayed until after Congress meets."

Another Unionist near akin to Mr. Holden, the Hon. Wm. A. Graham, "ex-member of the Rebel Senate and the political leader of this State, who is to be a delegate to the coming State Convention, says that *under no circumstances will he consent to the return of North Carolina into the Union if the negro suffrage question is made a condition.*" Another, "J. H. P. Russ, of Raleigh, who has recently received a federal appointment, and who has been designated to represent a district in Congress, and also in the approaching State Convention, defines his position on the slavery question by saying *that if he had the power he would reënslave every slave who is now free.*" So much for North Carolina.

Look at Virginia. Richmond has just elected a Mayor so ostentatiously disloyal that he has to be displaced by a military order declaring the election void. The Petersburg *News* and the Richmond *Whig* were shortly before suppressed by that same military power—exercised, we suppose, in pursuance of the constitutional law of Virginia, which made it impossible for the President to permit the negro to vote. Gen. Turner truly alleges in his order that, "with but few exceptions, all the officers elected at said municipal election have been prominent and conspicuous in inaugurating and sustaining the rebellion; and the issue was distinctly made and openly avowed at said election as between those men who had aided and abetted in the war against the United States authority and those who had with their lives defended the flag of our country." At least two of the Richmond papers openly defend the election. The *Bulletin* says:

"The election of yesterday simply means that the people of Virginia, so far at least as Richmond can be taken as a representative of that people, turn not with the spirit of the craven and the renegade from opinions which their kith and kin have died for."

In the same tone was the speech of Gov. Perry of South Carolina, which we published last week. With similar purpose we find Gov. Sharkey of Mississippi reappointing all the rebel civil officers of certain classes. In Alabama the "loyal" citizens assemble to memoralize Gov. Parsons in favor of appointing loyal men to offices, and the meetings are monopolised by Rebels who declare that the offices are already filled by persons elected under the Rebel State Constitution.

We might go on to any extent with evidence of this sort. What exactly corresponds to it is the language of the Democratic press at the North. To take a single instance, the N. Y. *World*, in considering the charge that the Democratic party had shown itself hostile to the war, remarks with complacency that at any rate such a charge will not be likely to injure its future prospect in the Southern States. At this moment the Copperhead journals of the North are fighting their old battle for the South by defending the theories of State sovereignty, the good conduct of the rebel leaders, the heroism of the rebel Generals. Mr. Charles O'Conor volunteers as counsel for Jefferson Davis, and other friends of the imprisoned Rebel gather this very week in Broad street, New York, and appoint a committee "to raise funds for the object stated in the call, to consult with Charles O'Conor, Esq., of counsel, and to adopt such other measures as may be necessary to hasten on a trial of parties *so unjustly incarcerated by the United States Government.*"

"At that meeting Messrs. Cutler, Tucker and Livingston were the principal speakers. *They all regarded the failure of the rebellion as but temporary: it had failed only because it was overpowered.* The spirit that originated it still lives. And by the assistance of their friends at the North it can be successful in another way. Mr. Livingston assured his friends that Alabama would be represented in Congress *by none who were not soul and body in favor of Southern independence*; that the execution of Mrs. Surratt had excited the indignation of the world against the administration; and that under this condemnation the government dare not thrust Mr. Davis to a trial, unless it was forced upon them by public opinion.

"Mr. Livingston is now on his way to Europe *to assure the friends of Southern independence there of final success. The plan of operation is changed, but success is certain.* He expects to raise funds in Europe for the furtherance of the cause. Mr. Livingston said that in a short time "any person who would regard the course of the South in its recent effort as treasonable, would be looked upon as a madman or a fool."

When men come from the South to New York and talk in that way, and when voices like those of the Democratic press go from New York to the South, it is idle to doubt that the old alliance between the sham Democracy of the North and the slave Aristocracy of the South is to be renewed and perpetuated. Such an alliance can point to but one policy—the same which has once carried this government and country to the brink of destruction. If we are to tread the same path again, let us do it with our eyes open—not with the ostrich tactics of other days.

CHURCH RECONSTRUCTION.

THERE is a story of a man who was cut in two by a Damascus blade so keen of edge that he did not know it, until, in stooping, his upper half fell off, leaving the lower still standing.

Whether our country has been actually severed by the Damascus scimitar of a civil war is, at all events, a doubtful problem in the minds of many claiming to be statesmen, sages and saints. In the North, no question (colored suffrage excepted) excites such interest. Is the Union divided, or is it still "one and inseparable?"

The great power, however, calling itself the Church admits the sundering stroke, at least of the body. But the northern hemisphere claims that there is still unity of the spirit; and that there is no reason why there should not be immediate renewal of the bonds of peace. A northern methodist minister writing from South Carolina says, "he would have the Church receive back to her fellowship all that the government will restore to State fellowship!"

Another writing home from New Orleans says:

"The reunion of the churches is a work of great magnitude, involves great results, and is beset with many difficulties. It is practicable and should take place, and will, if northern editors will forget past differences and cease to use harsh terms. I have had several interviews with Bishop Andrew (M. E. Church South). He and his brethren would gladly return to us, if assured of a kind reception. I am aware that many difficulties attend this movement, and the reception of the southern Bishops is not the least. But this is a secondary consideration to me, *compared to the accession of half a million of people with all their church property.*"

And the New York *Observer*, quoting these latter sentiments, as from "*an eminent methodist minister,*" adds approvingly thus:

"These are friendly and peaceful views; and every true patriot, with every sincere Christian, must hail them as the harbinger of UNION, in one of the largest and most important denominations in our land."

But speaking for itself this is what the *Observer* says:

"In a recent number we extracted from a Richmond paper the estimated loss the South has incurred from the war, and it seemed in its hundreds of millions, almost incredible. So in her churches, and their present condition, she has suffered beyond measure by the war just terminated. Many of her best laymen have been slain in battle, to commune no more at her sacred altars. Many, too, of her ablest ministers have fallen on the bloody field of carnage. Her benevolent enterprises have been suspended, and her literary institutions closed. The time has now come for the Southern Church 'to arise and shine,' by becoming heart and soul with the Christians of our common country. To the Christian Church, North and South, we look for the restoration of entire peace and harmony in our wide borders. The sword has done its work; but the mission of the Church is *peace*, and she holds in her hands the moral destinies of our people. War is destruction; but peace is conservative, divine, and in her holy train follow untold blessings."

But of what Church can the *Observer* be speaking, "*whose mission is peace?*" A moment ago, it was telling us the Southern Church "has lost many of her best laymen and ablest ministers on the bloody fields of carnage!" And then it says, "now is the time for the Southern Church to arise and shine, by becoming heart and soul with the Christians of our common country."

But who are these "Christians?" The Northern best laymen and ablest ministers have just been killing the best laymen and ablest ministers of the Southern fold. For four years, the Churches of the North and South have been quaffing most frightful sacraments in each other's blood! And now the North, all unshrived, proposes to the South, also all unshrived (nay still thirsting for more blood), to put away these terrible flagons, and return together to their former fellowship in the hallowed cup of Calvary.

And are these the *Observer's* "CHRISTIANS *of our common country?*"

The South, however, seems reluctant to return, though more touchingly and tenderly invited than was ever prodigal, or rebel, or backslider before.

The *Christian Advocate and Journal* tells us of "a new Methodist paper in Richmond, Virginia, in good type, on tinted paper published in the interest of the South, but

"like everything else from Richmond it is bitterly Southern, and as full of fight as a rebel before the war. Its editors are among the ablest ministers of the Southern Church, and as a result this first number of their paper bears signs of good editorial ability. This sheet would doubtless operate favorably upon the tone and spirit of some of our friends who have been dreaming about extending our 'magnanimity' to 'our dear Southern brethren.'"

The Methodist clergy of Missouri (South) have held a congress "of several days continuance," it is said, which resulted in a lengthy address, the spirit and purport of which may be gathered from these extracts and the resolution following:

To go into the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) "would be to yield the position we have so often taken, admit the charges we have so often refuted, and, by accepting political tests of church fellowship, stultify ourselves, compromise the essential principles of the Gospel, and admit the charge that with the institution of slavery we stand or fall." "The only consolidation or reconstruction they (of the North) would accept," continues the report, "would be that we turn over to them our church property and interests and influence; yield the whole field; confess that we have been in the wrong; indorse the politics of their church as a condition of membership, and become political hucksters instead of Gospel ministers?"

In view of all this, and of the wishes and welfare of those who have attached themselves to the Church South in Missouri, the report declares that to go into the Methodist Episcopal Church would be to "abandon our church and people, or betray the interests and trusts committed to us." The committee therefore adopted this resolution as a decision on the subject:

Resolved, That we consider the maintainance of our separate and distinct (Southern) ecclesiastical organization as of paramount importance and our imperative duty.

The *Central Christian Advocate*, speaking of Kentucky Bishop Kavanagh, says, he

"has been engineering a caucus of the faithful, held at Palmyra, the purpose of which was to fire the Southern heart, and prevent any members of the Church South from coming to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Resolutions were passed and an address published, intended to inflame the returned rebel soldiers and others who belonged to them, and keep them from straying away from the fold. The truth is, the Bishop's loyalty is of the neutral, Kentucky kind, and is merely cutaneous."

But the vital essence of southern christianity which the Northern Church has so long, lovingly and faith fully embraced and sent to the heathen, may be better appreciated by an extract of another kind, perhaps too of even higher authority, the Rev. Dr. Stiles of Richmond. Early in the war the Confederate government proclaimed a Fast. Dr. Stiles, of Richmond, improved the occasion to deliverer a discourse from that superexcellent text, "Righteousness exalteth a nation." Extracts came North and were published. The doctor prophetically and rapturously thought the changes then agitating the political and Christian world were premonitory of the rapid approach of the millennium! Of the success of the Confederacy he had no doubt. Indeed he asks, directly referring to it, "Is is not reasonable to suppose that God will inaugurate this glorious era of the Church, by wheeling, some one nation *out of the ranks of the world,* to take ground for God and man under the banner of the Gospel? * * * Why should it seem a thing incredible to you that God should *raise this nation from the dead,* and raise her now?"

Here is an unbroken paragraph, a whole volume in itself, as it came to us:

"Why, let the North march out her millions of men on the *left,* and array upon the *right* all the veteran troops of England, France, Russia, and Austria; and bring up the very gates of hell in all their strength to compose the *centre* of her grand invading army. What then? Why, everything in God and from God assures us that these Confederate States would hear a voice from Heaven: 'The battle is not yours, but *mine.* Stand ye still and see the salvation of the Lord.' If they dared to advance one step, a righteous and an angry God would fire off upon the aliens terrible thunders that angel ears never heard; and shoot out upon them vengeful fires and lightnings that cherubic vision never saw; and fling down upon them cataracts of angry power that hell herself never felt; and if necessary to our deliverance, shake the very earth from under their feet!"

It should be known that Dr. Stiles received his Theological education at Andover in Massachusetts. While there a student, he was among the most eminent for ardent piety and deep devotion; and was sometimes sent and invited long distances (once at least, away to New Hampshire,) to aid in producing or promoting revivals of religion.

Such are fair specimens of the present sentiment and feeling in all the large religious bodies of the South. THE STANDARD could not contain all their utterances, rolling upward continually like the voice of many waters.

Leaving now out of the account what the *Observer* says about "war and peace," (and says so preposterously, if applied to what it calls the Church,) it is a question, pertinent and important, what is, what has ever been, or what ever can be the value of such a type of Christianity to the Nation, or to the world of mankind?

Small bodies of professing Christians, and some individual ministers have ever borne honorable testimony against such libels upon the sublime doctrines of justice and humanity. But the Methodist Episcopal Church, Presbyterian General Assemblies, the Baptist and Congregational denominations, covering in former years the whole land, have no claim to this exception. On the contrary they have been the very hiding-places, the strong holds, the sacred shields of the great monster of abominations.

Why then should not the Church, North and South, make haste to restore the former fellowship; and like kindred drops, again mingle into one? The Church South surely is no worse than when in gay apparel, stolen from unpitied unpaid slaves, she graced the Northern pulpit and sacramental table; and educated her ministers at Andover and other New England Theological Seminaries. The Church of the North does not claim to be better now than then, and neither manifests any zeal to aid, or even counsel the government to secure equal justice, as the only safe underpinning for the new governmental fabric. Instead of this, the Northern Church charitably proposes to receive back to her fellowship all whom the government will accept to its fellowship. Whomsoever the government binds (or hangs), on earth, shall be bound (or hanged) at the judgment seat of the Church. And whomsoever the government shall loose (and pardon) on the earth, shall be loosed and pardoned at the tribunal of the sanctuary. Surely it did not so read, was not so written, eighteen hundred years ago!

Verily the Church, North and South, may reunite. In spirit they have not been divided. The thunders of the war only shivered the body. The spirit survived. And the Church see is to fear most, that which kills the body. Hers is the faith and philosophy of large numbers. Or as the minister above cited from New Orleans has it, as his highest aspiration, "*the accession of half a million of people, with all their church property!*" And the *Observer* exults in the "views" of this writer as "friendly and peaceful;" such as "every true patriot and sincere Christian must hail as the harbinger of UNION in one of the largest and most important denominations in our land!"

PERSONAL.

The *Westminster Review*, in an article on Theodore Winthrop, ranks him as one of the most marked writers of America.

Garibaldi's wound in the ankle has caused his permanent lameness, but his health is completely reëstablished. The Duke of Sutherland is now visiting him at Caprera.

We are informed, says the Boston *Journal*, that Hon. Charles W. Slack is not a candidate for Secretary of State—he wisely preferring to devote his time to his newspaper, the *Commonwealth*, which he conducts with marked ability and success.

It is stated that the President has given directions for the entrance of a *nolle prosequi* when the indictments against Lee and others pending in Judge Underwood's Court in Norfolk, Va., shall be called up in October next.

The Louisville *Journal* says: "Jeff. Davis and his followers got up the rebellion for the pretended purpose of rendering their property in slaves secure. And now Jeff. Davis is in prison awaiting trial for his life, and his ex-slaves are cultivating his fine plantation of two thousand acres in Mississippi for their own benefit."

Friday was the eighty-seventh birthday of Rear-Admiral Charles Stewart, who was born in Philadelphia July 28, 1778, just after the evacuation of the city by the British. His original entry into the navy was on the 9th of March, 1798, so that he has been over sixty-seven years in the service. He is still active and hearty.

A letter has been received from Miss Clara Barton, who accompanied the party sent to Andersonville to select a site for a National Cemetery and to properly inter the bodies of our soldiers who died there. Miss Barton says:

"The grounds for the cemetery have been selected, and the work of interment is going on. Two hundred and seventy-six bodies of soldiers who were murdered for stepping beyond the dead line in search of food and water were disinterred in one day. They were buried on the spot where they fell."

The friends of George F. Robinson, the brave soldier who saved the life of Mr. Seward, when attacked by a powerful and determined assassin, have obtained his consent to have his photograph sold for his benefit. The sale of the photographs has been placed in the hands of P. M. Clark of Washington, D. C., to whom all communications respecting it should be addressed.

In a speech made before his election as member of Parliament for Lambeth (London), Mr. Hughes, the well-known Liberal, and author of "Tom Brown," etc., in advocating an extension of the suffrage, seemed not to be afraid to trust the people. Referring to the great meeting of 200,000 Chartists on Kensington Common, about seventeen years ago, he said they assembled there determined by main force to compel Parliament to pass a measure of reform. The very class of men who then filled the ranks of the Chartists were now Volunteers, armed by the government for the defence of the kingdom. Could there be any better proof that there was no reason to fear the people? Mr. Hughes had nearly two thousand votes majority over his leading opponent.

To the joy of English and American Liberals, Mr. Gladstone has been defeated at Oxford and chosen to Parliament from South Lancashire—the home of the workingmen. The *Tribune* says:

"He belongs henceforth more than ever to the party of the future. The middle ages have lost their hold on him. Whatever is illiberal in politics, whatever is bigoted in religion, whatever is despotic in government, finds its last and safest refuge in Oxford, and has found strength enough there to reject Mr. Gladstone as its representative. As he never was the fit representative of that worst part of the University, he is rightly rejected. He is the inevitable political leader of English Liberalism for the next ten years, and from his new Lancashire constituency will find that support in the cause of Reform and of Progress which Oxford never could have given him. So long as he represented Oxford he was held back and hampered; Lancashire will be help and spur to him in every forward step. * * * With body and soul henceforth he must fight the battle of Lancashire against Oxford. The University has cast out the only man who could have continued and preserved a while longer her most cherished traditions and has converted him into the pledged champion of the party which makes war not indeed on the University, but on much that the University would like to uphold and defend. "The enemies of the University," says the *Times*, "will make the most of her disgrace." The friends of Liberalism, we prefer to say, will make the most of their triumph, and put to the best use their emancipated leader.

"REMEMBER FORT PILLOW?"

To the Editor of the Standard:

IN the admirable Address of the German "Unionband" of New York—in my opinion the best document in relation to "Reconstruction" yet given to the public—which I hope to see placed on record in the columns of the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, a protest is very properly made against the President's scandalous abuse of the pardoning power, "in so many cases bestowing its benefits on persons guilty of infamous crimes." You, sir, have contrasted Andrew Johnson's "promises before election," with his "performance after" in relation to the long suffering and now again grossly betrayed colored people. More recently than before his election, nay since his accidental elevation to the Presidency, Mr. Johnson threatened to make all traitors and would-be traitors understand that treason was, and would be punished as, the highest offence of which criminals could be guilty. In the middle of April his voice was that of the lion making the enemies of the Republic turn pale; only three months pass, and in the middle of July the President's "roar" is as gentle as that of a "sucking dove," reassuring to the eternal enemies of Freedom and reviving all their former insolence, arrogance, and truculent behavior. True, Jefferson Davis is still kept in prison bonds, and we are assured he is to be tried, though when, or in what court, or on what charge, no information is vouchsafed to the people. We are told, too, that if convicted on a capital charge he will certainly be executed. Perhaps so; but I begin to doubt the propriety of putting Davis to death when so many others of the same stamp are, day by day, experiencing the clemency of the "pardoning power." It appears to be generally taken for granted that Alexander H. Stephens is to be pardoned; yet his guilt is not less than that of his chief; and in some respects he is still more unworthy of mercy. Davis at least professed to believe that the South had real grievances against the North; Stephens, on the contrary, demonstrated by unanswerable arguments that the South had not the shadow of a shade of justification to contemplate secession or to have recourse to revolution. But when he found that his arguments availed not, he gave in to "the madness of the hour," cast his lot with the revolutionists and accepted at their hands the highest office but one in the so-called Confederacy. Moreover, he set himself up as the expounder of the new gospel of slavery, and by his memorable "corner-stone" speech consigned himself to eternal infamy. His coolly villanous pleadings for the natural right and heaven-sanctioned holiness of slavery (!) far excelled in audacity any utterances of Davis on the like theme. In joining the rebellion he made himself a traitor to the United States; in proclaiming slavery the "corner-stone" of society and the bulwark of civilisation, he took up the position of outlaw to the human race, and as such his condign punishment may be justly demanded by any and every man, irrespective of the question of nationality. Yet, I repeat, it seems to be a foregone conclusion that Stephens is to be set at liberty. If so, there will be no consistency in punishing Davis. Many of the confederates of these leading traitors, not less guilty, have been already pardoned; and others, but few shades better, have even been placed in power by the President. I have not the shadow of a doubt of the justice of sending Davis to the scaffold. Setting aside the question of his complicity with the assassins, allowing that it might be magnanimous to pardon his great treason, his one unpardonable crime is the torturing to death of the Union soldiers, not a few units, not a score or two, not any such number as the victims at Cawnpore or in the Black Hole of Calcutta, but thousands and tens of thousands. But in this great guilt he stood not alone, every member of his Cabinet, Lee and other rebel generals, and the Governors of the States where Union soldiers were confined, share in the guilt of the gigantic atrocity. But many of these have already been pardoned. When did Stephens, or Lee, or any other prominent rebel, whether civilian or soldier, move a finger, or utter a word to stay the agonies of Libby, Belle Isle, or Andersonville? Beauregard proposed to treat the Union soldiers as "Abolitionists" and to give them no quarter, and clamored for legal authority to execute Union prisoners. That brigand is now living the life of a much admired "gentleman" in New Orleans; and I suppose, if called to account, might plead the "terms" guaranteed to him on his surrender. The terms granted to Lee were the beginning of all this mischief. But there is one ruffian not yet named to whom I must direct your special attention.

I read, under date Washington, July 19th: "About 150 applications for pardon were received by the Attorney-General to-day. Among them were the petitions of Lieut.-Gen. Forrest of rebel cavalry and Fort Pillow notoriety, W. B. Brooks, ex-rebel Senator from Mississippi, etc., etc."

The impunity which Forrest has thus far enjoyed is a disgrace to the United States Government. It must be quite superfluous to recapitulate the horrors of the Fort Pillow massacre. But I must remind you of the popular demand made on President Lincoln for "retaliation" when the frightful details of that massacre became known in the North. At Baltimore Mr. Lincoln promised that justice should be done. That promise was not performed, and it is not forgotten with what severity the President was censured by the more Radical Abolitionists and Republicans. And yet Abraham Lincoln had a plea in justification of his hesitancy to punish which could hardly be gainsayed. Whom could he punish? Not the perpetrators of the massacre, for they were not in his hands. Had he retaliated it must have been on Confederate prisoners in Fortress Monroe, Fort Warren, or Camp Douglass; men who, whatever their offences, were guiltless of the atrocities at Fort Pillow. That President Lincoln shrunk from such "retaliation" as the execution of those men is not wonderful; such shrinking was natural to a man of his generous heart, and was on the whole, I think, commendable. But I cannot doubt if Forrest had been captured, and on trial by drum-head court-martial had been condemned to execution, that President Lincoln would have approved the sentence and justice would have taken its course. For many weeks past Forrest has been "in our hands." Has justice been done? On the contrary no one has troubled him; and now we hear of his application for pardon, without, as far as I can learn, any voice being raised against what would be a most shameful, nay, morally criminal abuse of that "pardoning power."

I do not know on what "terms" Forrest surrendered, nor do I care. I do not know to whom he surrendered; but if any Federal officer granted terms to that brigand under which he may pretend to claim exemption from penalties incurred by his acts in the course of the war, that officer, be his name what it may, should be cashiered or otherwise punished, and the terms should be set aside as any Court would set aside a fraudulent attempt to compound a felony. Having hanged Booth's accomplices, it is nothing short of a scandalous violation of justice to allow the miscreant Forrest to continue to cumber the earth. His execution by the hands of black soldiers is a positive and pressing duty which President Johnson ought not to evade. Nor should Forrest be the sole sufferer; every actor in the massacre should be tracked and hunted down, and every one of them should be put to death without mercy. The victims at Fort Pillow should be sternly and inflexibly avenged. No covert should be dense enough to hide, no obscurity deep enough to conceal, the savage murderers from the sweeping sword of pitiless retribution.

Yours for freedom and justice,

G. JULIAN HARNEY.

Boston, July 24, 1865.

TO THE STANDARD SUBSCRIBERS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—For the greater simplicity and correctness in keeping the accounts, it is earnestly desired that hereafter all remittances from that State, including Philadelphia, should be sent direct to THE STANDARD office, 48 Beekman street, New York.

A VOICE FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

To the Editor of the Standard:

GREAT BRITAIN is now teeming with the elections. Parliament dissolved, politicians are on the wing, and everybody who cares for politics is on the *qui vive*, and before these lines reach you the next Parliament will be elected. A peculiar and intense interest gathers around the election at Westminster, and the world of intellect and progress desire the election of John Stuart Mill. It will be an honor to the electors if they send such a representative to the British Parliament. Those who, like myself, were so fortunate as to hear Mr. Mill's address to his committee on Monday evening, July 3, at St. James' Hall, will not soon forget the impression which his words and thoughts made upon their minds. In Mr. Mill was embodied one's *ideal* of what a politician should be. At the first glance we felt how genuine! So straight-forward, such manly frankness, no political manœuvering; but we recognised an almost transparent human soul, strong in every essential trait, but strongest in moral integrity. All must have felt the moral power of the logician which shone through all he uttered, and the philosopher and thinker became the man of action in the political arena. On several public occasions, until his triumphant election, Mr. Mill has addressed public gatherings, and in no other election has the same kind of interest been felt. Many ladies have taken great interest in the result, and certainly the women of England, Ireland, and Scotland may help honor this first representative, who, while endangering his election, has not failed to identify his name and principles with the most unpopular of ideas, suffrage for women.

I add a few extracts:

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. J. S. Mill has delivered a most important speech to the electors of Westminster. He has stated the whole case, in his logical way, of Liberalism in contradistinction to Toryism, and has very justly set forth the relationship of candidates to constituencies. Speaking upon his introduction to the Westminster electors, he says:

To be selected by a great community as the representative of what is highest in their minds, their consciences, and their understandings—of their sincere convictions and their patriotic sentiments—is one of the highest honors which it is possible for the citizen of a free country to receive. But to be sent into Parliament as representative of that part of the electors whose minds are to be got at by money—who are to be reached by trickery—by saying one thing and meaning another—by making professions which are not intended to be acted upon, and which being contrary to one's own conviction it would be a greater breach of morality to keep than to violate—that I regard not as an honor but as a disgrace. Therefore when a body of this great constituency did me the honor to make the most unexpected and flattering proposal of presenting me as a candidate for your suffrages, I answered that I should not be willing to spend £10,000 in corrupting and debauching the constituents who are debauchable and corruptible; that neither would I give any pledge except the single pledge to be always open and above board; and that neither would I solicit your votes. I hold the whole system of personal solicitation to be a mistake.

In answer to all the objections which have been raised as to his extreme views, he says:

First, perhaps if I had the choice I would rather be honest than be elected—and second, that perhaps the electors of Westminster have a taste for honesty and may think that the man who deals honestly with them before he is elected is the more likely person to deal honestly with them after he is elected. Of one thing I am sure—that the most practical thing in the world is honesty. I am here as the candidate of advanced Liberalism and I should like to tell you what in my estimation these words mean. A Liberal is he who looks forward for his principles of government; a Tory looks backward. A Tory is of opinion that the real model of government lies somewhere behind us in the region of the past, from which we are departing farther and farther. Toryism means the subjection and dependence of the great mass of the community in temporal matters upon the hereditary possessors of wealth, and in spiritual matters to the Church, and therefore it is opposed to everything which could lead us farther away from this model. The Liberal is something very different from this. He probably thinks that we have not yet arrived at the perfect model of government—that it lies before us and not behind us—that we are too far from it to be able to see it distinctly except in outline, but that we can see very clearly in what direction it lies—not in the direction of some new form of dependence, but in the emancipation of the dependent classes—more freedom, more equality, and more responsibility of each person to himself. That, gentlemen, is the first article of my political creed. Now for the second. Believing as I do that political institutions are, or ought to be, in a state of progressive advance; that it is the very nature of progress to lead us to recognise as truths what we do not as yet see to be truths; believing also that it is possible to see a certain distance before us, and be able to distinguish beforehand some of these truths of the future, and to assist others to see them—I certainly think there are truths which the time has now arrived for proclaiming, although the time may not yet have arrived for carrying them into effect. That is what I mean by Liberalism. Does it follow that because a man sees something of to-morrow he can do nothing about to-day? That is what the dunces will tell you. I venture to reverse the proposition. The only persons who can do for the present—who can judge safely for the day—are those who include to-morrow in their deliberations.

The following words have a significancy in relation to other contests than that of Westminster:

Every friend of freedom and purity of election in the country is looking to you with anxious feelings. There is another class of persons who are also looking at you, and they are those who cultivate contempt of the people. All these are watching you, and hoping to find you worthy of their contempt. They are chuckling in the hope of succeeding to debauch you. They say you have no public virtue, and that public virtue is not to be expected from such people as you. They are waiting eagerly and anxiously for you to justify their opinion. I hope you will disappoint them. If you elect me and I should turn out a failure—if I disappointed every expectation—you would have nothing to be ashamed of. You would have acted an honest part and done that which at the time seemed to be best for the public good. Can the same thing be said if you return the candidate of a party, against which for a century past Westminster has in the most emphatic manner protested, for his money? If this great constituency should so degrade itself, it will not only be the deepest mortification to all who put faith in popular institutions, but Westminster will have fallen from her glory, and she can never hold her head as high as she has done, because the progress of popular institutions, which cannot possibly be stopped, will have to go on without her.

Another election will be watched with special interest by many friends of the slave and the Northern States. I mean that of Mr. P. A. Taylor, the Member for Leicester. No friend of the Northern States who watched with care the public opinion of England during the civil war will forget the attacks made upon this gentleman for his noble speech in the House of Commons. The Confederate press and their allies made almost a target of Mr. Taylor for his defence of Mr. Lincoln and opposition against a slave confederacy based upon slavery.

At that time few men were brave enough to speak out boldly in defence of the right and oppose the friends of the Confederates, and oppose the slave system which the Confederates and their allies dared to lay almost at the threshold in the form of recogonition of the Southern States. The members in both Houses who had the moral courage to speak out then are well and most honorably remembered by all who love liberty in Great Britain. They were not many more than a score in the House of Commons. Well do we remember when, sometimes listening to the debates upon qustions relating to the civil war, the recognition of the South or any other question connected with the great conflict came up for debate. The courage needed to uphold the right was of no ordinary kind. To speak out for what was then considered by the many the forlorn hope, and which only a few British statesman had the sagacity to foresee, the only legitimate end of the slaveholders' rebellion, Mr. Taylor was among the bravest at that time, and no pains was spared by the Confederate organs in London, and therefore I am glad to be able to state that after a severe battle Mr. Taylor has been returned for Leicester. The electors at Leicester seem to know and appreciate an honest man, a man who deals with principles, which will outlive the present; and such men as Mr. Bright, and all who stood by him on the American question live not only for the present but for posterity. There were a few equally illustrious examples in the House of Lords. Much of the spirit then manifested by the friends of the confederates in England at that time has been atoned for if not forgotten by the universal burst of sympathy when President Lincoln was stricken down. No American who was in London then could fail to forget and forgive much. An English lady said to an American, with evident emotion, "I wish, America could know how great the grief, how deep the sympathy." I am sure England was most sincere, and those who heard the address which was sent over to the United States will not forget the impressive scene the House of Commons presented on that occasion, when amid a silence almost breathless the voice of Sir George Grey fell upon our hearts as well as our ears. But I must turn to a subject of intense interest, and a close letter only intended for a short one. I mean the position of President Johnson towards the negro. If the government and people of the States do injustice to the negroes who have been the means of preserving the Union and ending the war, a baser act of ingratitude to an injured race can scarcely be imagined. Can such a peace be permanent? Are the Northern people, after all their sacrifice, willing to sow the seeds of another revolution? And if not another civil war, the political and social confusion which must be engendered will be a most serious drawback to real progress, and who can foresee the result? Will the lesson of the war be lost upon the people and legislators, and shall the evil demon of the copper-head democracy, hatred of the negro, be the leading influence in the reconstruction of the States? The black man must demand and be assisted to obtain his rights, other things being equal, without reference to his dark complexion; he must be judged by the same standard as other men, and until then the Declaration of American Independence is a sham, a lie. Will not the moral power of the nation be sufficient to arrest injustice, and secure justice to those who have saved the nation in its hour of peril and secured the liberty of the white race? Why should the rebels have all their rights, legal, political, social, while they are denied to loyal black men? We do not forget that much has been done in the right direction; but now a reaction seems to have set in, and it must be met with stern justice.

LONDON, July 14th, 1865. AN ENGLISHMAN.

"HONORABLE" MURDERERS.—MOSBY IN CONGRESS.

SECESSIONISTS TRIUMPHING IN THE VIRGINIA ELECTIONS.—The municipal election at Fredericksburg, Va., last week, resulted in the success of the bitterest secessionists in the city. The elections in Virginia afford little encouragement to hope for an early settlement of the difficulties which the suppression of armed rebellion has left to be conciliated. Whenever and wherever opportunity offers the citizens of that State manifest a disposition to retain or place in power those who are most obnoxious for their complicity in the rebellion and least disposed to aid honestly in the restoration of Union and loyalty to the Constitution. It is understood that the notorious Mosby intends to run as a candidate for Congress in his district.—*Richmond Letter.*

Let them vote! Why deprive them? Better that they should show their hands *now*, while yet we hold the trumps. Grant them the harmless privilege of sending the dregs and scum of a piratical community of leading professional assassins as their fit representatives to Congress! Let a delectable delegation of Forrests, Mosbys, Quantrells, *et al.*, knock at the portals of the Nation's Capitol! Let them come in the fullness of their pristine glory—in the radiance of the "patriarchal" garb! Soften not a feature of the awe-inspiring figure! Let not the chivalric spur fail to come; nor the magnanimous horsewhip, nor the hospitable bowie-knife, nor the generous six-shooter! And remember that "white-livered Sumners" yet sit in those halls: let not the argument of the faithful *cane* be missed!

Thus equipped—bristling with the emblems of Southern virtue and the arguments of Southern intellect—let the "mailed knight" of the nineteenth century once more ennoble the plebeian capitoline marble, by the tread of his illustrious sandals!

Filled inwardly, with the sublime vehemence of Southern *spirits;* surrounded outwardly, by the fragrant atmosphere of Southern purity—let the hero of the plantation—the whilom lord of Northern doughfaces, and the more recent slayer of Northern patriots—let him demand, in Jovine tones, his seat—nay! throne—in the council halls of the Republic!

Let the reverberation of his knocking be loud, the intonation of his bidding deep—so loud and so deep as to waken into consciousness the dozing consciences of the nation's magnates, of the people's oracles, of their captains and pilots, of these slothful guides, these "blind leaders of the blind;" let them be roused into a sense of their duty, and their constituents into a sense of their danger!

Welcome, King of the Rice-field, Lord of the Canebrake! Thou hast once, in the array of arms, been the unwilling and unwitting deliverer of the oppressed from the thraldom of the body: be now in the battle of ballots, his equally inimical and ignorant liberator from the serfage of the soul!

As in the darkest days of our war, universal emancipation was found to be a "military necessity," so let now, in the dark days of our "peace," universal suffrage be proved a *political* necessity!

*

proportion of colored troops who desert is fifty per cent. less than among the white soldiers."

"Personal observation by an intelligent merchant who has lately traversed the central and Western portion of the Carolinas and Northern Georgia, shows the condition of the black population to be worse than the slavery which existed before the war. Except in rare cases, they not only receive no remuneration for their labor, but are maltreated in every possible manner by masters who seem only inclined to disbelieve by the Proclamation of Emancipation. Most of the able-bodied colored people are leaving as fast as they can for the plantations on the sea coast, where they will receive the protection of the government."

How many such statements will it take to rouse the government to a sense of its duty to the blacks?

THE SITUATION.

If THE STANDARD were not an alarm-bell to day, it would be false to its trust. A universal Reign of Terror seems probable throughout the South in defiance of Federal Authority and Federal Armies. There seems good reason now to believe that the returning soldiers will soon have to be sent back South to prevent general anarchy and confusion; as witness the following accounts from Virginia, North Carolina, and other States, fair specimens of almost the whole rebel domain.

Special Correspondence of the Tribune.

RICHMOND, July 22, 1865.

The fact that some twelve citizens had been refused the right of franchise because of their Union proclivities being made known to Gen. Turner, he issued an order last evening declaring the late election null and void. This is in accordance with the code of Virginia, which enacts that the refusal of one legal vote shall destroy the whole ballot, and in harmony with justice, because the men chosen were well-known disloyalists and still sympathizers with secession.

The perseverin tyranny of Mayor Mayo; the dogged indisposition of the Legislature in its late session to ameliorate the laws bearing upon the blacks; the stupid irony of Mayor Townes of Petersburg, in his strictures upon justice to the negro; the unfeigned disloyalty of Mayor Slaughter of Fredericksburg, lately re-elected, who will be remembered as the one who, after the battle of the Wilderness, captured about 500 of our wounded and held them as prisoners of war, and was subsequently taken by Gen. Grant as a hostage; the perverted and distrustful tone of the entire press; would all conspire to justify the General Government in its continuance of martial law and a rigorous confiscation of property.

While the order of Gen. Turner has been very cautiously discussed, it would seem as though the men began to hesitate in their blatant expressions against the authorities, an index of consciousness of sin, and that there may be hope of an awakening to truth and right. Twelve months from now will be time enough for the first steps toward civil government in this State.

A band formerly attached to one of the Rebel regiments has been discoursing its music the past week before the residences of the principal citizens. I have watched it pretty carefully, and have failed to catch the first note of Union music, but plenty of vocal tones of disaffection; and I am therefore left to judge, wherever its horns are blown, there lurks treason.

GEN. TURNER'S ORDER.

The following is an extract from the order referred to above:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF HENRICO,
RICHMOND, VA., July 28, 1865.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 72.—[EXTRACT.]—V.—Whereas, satisfactory evidence has been furnished at these headquarters that at the election held in the city of Richmond on the 24th inst. for municipal officers, voters were excluded on the ground of having lost their residence by reason of their absence as soldiers in the United States army during the Rebellion, when no such ground was taken as against soldiers absent in the Rebel army; and whereas, with but few exceptions, all of the officers elected at said municipal election have been prominent and conspicuous in inaugurating and sustaining the Rebellion; and whereas, the issue was distinctly made and openly avowed at said election, as between those men who had aided and abetted in war against the United States authority and those who had with their lives defended the flag of our country:

Therefore, justice to the thousands who have fallen on the battle-field or by disease in their efforts to put down this Rebellion, and to those who are now returning to their homes in this district after four years of suffering, toil, privations and dangers incurred in fighting treason, demands that these persons who were so lately contributing all their efforts to sustain treason and overthrow the Government should not be installed into office and intrusted with power.

Now, it is hereby declared that the United States military authorities of this city will regard the said municipal elections held in this city on the 25th inst. as null and void, excepting only the election of the Clerk of the Hustings Court; and each and every person elected to office—excepting said Clerk of the Hustings Court—is prohibited from exercising the duties appertaining thereto.

By command of Brevet Maj.-Gen. TURNER.
E. LEWIS MOORE, Asst.-Adjutant-General.
A. M. D.

From the Associated Press Dispatches.

RALEIGH, N. C., Tuesday, July 25, 1865.

The Raleigh *Progress* continues to denounce the reckless use of the pardoning power in North Carolina. "This misplaced leniency," it says, "is making the leading Rebels of the State, who are daily receiving pardons, still more defiant and disloyal than before. Comprising the public men of the State, they have been designated as delegates to the coming State Convention which body it is known they will control. The negroes and Union men are the special objects of their hatred, whose protection depends entirely upon the enforcement of the confiscation law, which disarms only the disloyal, who will be beyond the reach of the Federal authorities as soon as the new State Government is inaugurated. It is understood that this element, who hold State securities for upward of $40,000,000, contracted since the Rebellion for war purposes, will make a strong effort to have the same assumed, by not providing against it in the new Constitution, but leaving it to future legislation.

These treacherous leaders, who have been pardoned through Gov. Holden's recommendation, are now organising in every county, and openly assert that their party is strong enough to defeat Mr. Holden or any other candidate for Governor, who fails to identify himself with them.

Gov. Holden drafted a call for a Convention some time since, and sent it to President Johnson for his ratification. Since then the opposition to an early Convention has assumed formidable proportions and is daily gaining strength.

RALEIGH, N. C., Thursday, July 27, 1865.

The Hon. Wm. A. Graham, ex-member of the Rebel Senate and the political leader of this State, who is to be a delegate to the coming State Convention, says that under no circumstances will will he consent to the return of North Carolina into the Union if the negro suffrage question is made a condition.

J. H. P. Russ of this city, who has recently received a Federal appointment, and who has been designated to represent this District in Congress and also in the approaching State Convention, defines his position on the slavery question by saying that if he had the power he would reenslave every slave who is now free.

This is the material already designated to represent North Carolina in her Convention and also in Congress.

The Union men, alarmed at these fresh developments of disloyalty, are organising for the purpose of demanding the immediate enforcement of the Confiscation law, which they claim will drive these Rebel leaders and sympathisers from the political field, and enable men of a clear record to present a Constitution and a delegation to Congress which that body can consent to accept.

The reckless manner of pardoning the great rebel leaders of the rebellion in North Carolina, such as Graham and others, is exciting the grave apprehensions of the loyal citizens of the State.

FEELING AT THE SOUTH.—The *Herald* has a letter from a correspondent at Huntsville, Northern Alabama (once strongly Union), who says:

"The political situation here, as in Tennessee and other States lately in rebellion, is just in the worst and most undefined and undefinable condition to be conceived. I have conversed with something near three-score of persons occupying positions entitling them to credit, and am forced to admit, after all, that the more I try to undo the Gordian knot the more I become puzzled, perplexed and uncertain. At first; when they saw and felt that they were conquered—that they had no hope save in the magnanimity and liberality of their conquerors—they had reached the acme of despair. In this woeful condition, they clung to the government like drowning men to straws, and cried "Enough! Enough!" most lustily. They considered that they had forfeited all their rights under the Constitution by engaging in rebellion, and consequently prayed for mercy. But the scene has changed, and now they do not plead for mercy, but demand their rights. The question naturally presents itself to us loyal men—What influence has been brought to bear to effect this result? The answer is plain, simple, and easy. They have returned like the sow to her wallow, and the politicians who led them into the rebellion are leading them to-day into anarchy and misrule, as sure as the earth revolves around the sun. They hate the government of the United States as bitterly as ever, and they would rather be led by their politicians to the bottomless pit than to receive amnesty and assistance from the government. These are plain truths, but they are truths, and I have no desire to evade them. My business is to relate facts as I find them, not as I would like to have them. * *

* The different orders issued by Generals commanding the various departments of the South would fill a large volume, and make the most amusing kind of reading for those who are fond of the ridiculous. I have not, as yet, seen one that did not look almost entirely to the protection of the master, leaving Sambo and Dinah entirely out of the question. Now, according to the dictates of my experience in Dixie the master does not want protection, but he does want reorganising and regulating most terribly. The negro wants protection and the master wants laws and justice—simply this, and nothing more. The negro not only wants protection, but the government is in honor bound to guarantee it to him."

[The condition of the Freedmen and of things generally at the South must be growing desperate in the extreme, when the *Herald* and its correspondents are willing to represent them thus.]

OF SOUTHERN MINISTERS.

Extract of a Letter from Tennessee.

To the Editor of the Examiner and Chronicle:

The hindrance to reconciliation and cooperation, on the part of Christians of the North and the South, is the abiding faith of the Southern ministers, as a body, and of a portion of the people, in the divine right of slavery. There is no hope that the views of these men will ever, to any great extent, change. If any sensible man in the wide North imagines that he can convince any of these by argument, let him come here and see for himself what slavery is, and he will lose all confidence in rhetoric. If the man who sees, hears, and feels slavery itself, fails to be convinced that it is unspeakably wicked, only a fool would attempt to argue with him.

It is surely asking very much of Northern Christians, when they are required to treat as innocent those blind leaders who plunged the Nation into such a war for the sake of such an institution. I have no conviction deeper and firmer than that the ministers of all denominations, North and South, who defended and apologized for slavery, are by far the most guilty class. I have not conversed with a Union man or woman in the South—and I have conversed with very many such—who did not fully believe that had it not been for the course the ministers had taken this war would not have been.

Of those who prostituted their high and sacred calling to father upon God an institution whose evil fruits can never be counted or described had all perished in the war they made, a firmer Union and sweeter harmony than were ever enjoyed before would in a very few years spring up. The chief obstacle that Northern missionaries and teachers will have to encounter will be the bitter and persistent opposition of the Southern clergy.

While views and feelings remain as they are, neither party will be prepared cordially to cooperate with the other. The records of the past cannot be blotted out. Nothing but tears of penitence can ever soften the dazzling glare of such writings.

Nashville, Tenn., July, 1865. * * *

LOUISIANA.

[ALMOST every day brings new assurance that the rebels not only hope, but confidently expect to reinstate slavery, so soon as restored to sovereignty in the Union. This extract from a New Orleans correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* illustrates one class of the evidences, which, by the way, is not confined to papers friendly to the Administration:]

The extent of popular prejudice against the negro, and the strong desire to reduce him again to bondage, was illustrated a few days ago by the Provost Marshals of outlaying parishes writing to Commissioner Conway to inquire if the State Government was taking any action to return the freedmen again to slavery. The inquiries were prompted by the general belief in the parishes over which they preside, that such a step was about to be taken. To obtain some system of slavery which shall keep the blacks in ignorance and retain them in a position of servitude or peonage, and prevent their elevation is the hope and expectation of the majority of this community. But amid all the difficulties, present and prospective, the capacity of the negro for intellectual moral and material progress, is no longer a problem, but a fact, and the world is surely and steadily progressing. MORLEY.

From Special Correspondent of the Tribune.

NEW ORLEANS, July 22, 1865.

Maj.-Gen. Sheridan, commanding the Military Division of the Gulf, left for Texas on last Thursday. It is stated that the General will visit Galveston, Brazos Santiago, and Brownsville before his return to this city. The trip in all probability will occupy two or three weeks.

SUPPLYING THE ARMIES IN TEXAS.

The Quartermaster's and Commissary Departments are forwarding large quantities of supplies for the use of the troops in Texas. Capt. Hill has just returned from an inspection tour of the Commissary Department, and reports the armies as being well supplied with Commissary stores.

DEPARTURE OF GOV. WELLS.

It is rumored that Gov. Madison Wells of this State has taken, or is about to take, his departure for Washington, where he is going to try and counteract the influence which is being brought to bear on the Government to effect his removal and the appointment of a Provisional Governor.

THE TREATMENT OF COLORED CITIZENS

by the present City and State officials has become so terribly cruel and unjust as to call for military interference on the part of Gen. Canby.

In a former communication I alluded to the imprisonment of John Morton, a peaceable, hard-working citizen, whose only crime was that his skin was black. The recorder who committed him to the Workhouse subsequently became convinced of the injustice of the sentence, and ordered John's immediate release, which would have been quickly effected were it not that a municipal law exists, which requires all orders of release to be countersigned by the Mayor of the city, and this (as has already appeared by the correspondence sent you) he refused peremptorily to do. It was not to be expected that a man, who had signed the ordinance of Secession, and who, previous to the occupation of the city by our troops, was notorious for his persecutions of Union men, would do a simple act of justice to a colored citizen, especially when it is known that he has selected from the late Rebel army a considerable proportion of his police force, who do his bidding, and are willing tools for this dirty work of persecuting the poor negro, who is frequently imprisoned on the most frivolous charge, and, without being allowed the privilege of calling witnesses or defending himself in any way, is thrown into prison. This is the idea of justice for the negro, as exemplified in its administration in nine cases out of ten in the civil courts in this city and State. The sworn statement of John Morton is appended, together with Gen. Canby's order for his release. This is by no means an individual case. I know of hundreds of others, and did time and space permit, could establish facts in relation to the inhuman treatment of colored citizens in this State which would excite the just indignation of the civilized world.

How long will the authorities at Washington allow this state of affairs to continue? and why do they not appoint a loyal Provisional Governor for this State? are questions which are hourly asked of your correspondent by loyal citizens of Louisiana.

I, John Morton (colored), am a laborer, employed by Mr. Tobias Gibson, on the "Live Oak" Plantation, Parish of Terrabonne, where I have been employed for the past two years. On account of the late overflow, which extended to the plantation of Mr. Gibson, all work was necessarily suspended on said plantation. Accordingly, Mr. Gibson gave permission to those who desired, to go elsewhere and work until the overflow should subside and the plantation could be worked, which he thought would be in the course of three or four weeks from that time. On the 23d day of June last I left the plantation, with the understanding that I was to return within three weeks' time. I took with me seven chickens, which I had raised on the place by permission of Mr. Gibson, and started for the city, with the intention of selling them and returning to the plantation again. I arrived in the city on the 26th of June, and started round to dispose of my chickens. While passing near the church opposite Jackson-square, I was accosted by a policeman who asked me how I sold my chickens. I told him I had just disposed of one for a dollar, and that I would sell the rest for the same price. Whereupon he (the policeman) told me that they were stolen chickens, and that I must go with him to the lock-up; that he was going to arrest me for stealing chickens. Notwithstanding I tried to convince him that they were my own property, and raised by me, he refused to listen to me, but arrested me and locked me up. This occurred about 6 o'clock in the morning. At 8 a.m., or thereabouts, I was taken from the lock-up and brought before Recorder Woolfley of the Second District Court and was there charged by the policeman with having in my possession stolen chickens. The Recorder then asked me what I had to say to the charge. I attempted to speak and tell him, but was interrupted by the policeman, who said he saw the chickens in my possession and knew I stole them. Upon this the Recorder refused to allow me to say anything. No witnesses were called for on my side, nor was I permitted to call for any to prove my innocence; but on the testimony of a single witness (the policeman), who testified only to the fact of having seen me with the chickens, I was sentenced by the Recorder to the Workhouse, where I was taken at 1 o'clock p.m., or thereabouts. I remained in the Workhouse until 10 o'clock to-day (July 21), when I was released and brought to the Provost-Marshal-General, and from there sent to Mr. Conway, Assistant Commissioner Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands.

JOHN MORTON.

HDQRS. BUREAU OF REFUGEES, FREEDMEN AND ABANDONED LANDS, STATE OF LOUISIANA,
NEW ORLEANS, July 21, 1865.

Personally appeared before me this day the said John Morton (colored), who, being duly sworn, made oath that the above is a true and correct statement in every particular. THOMAS W. CONWAY,
Assistant Commissioner Bureau Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands, State of Louisiana.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF LOUISIANA AND TEXAS,
NEW ORLEANS, La., July 20, 1865.

The Hon. HUGH KENNEDY, Mayor of the City of New Orleans, La.

SIR: The Major-General Commanding directs that John Morton, a colored man, now in confinement in the city or pariah Workhouse, be turned over to the Provost-Marshal-General of the Department of Louisiana and Texas, together with his commitment, and any other records of his case.

Respectfully, &c.,
J. SCHUYLER CROSBY,
Brevet Lieut.-Col. A. D. C. and Q. M. Gen.

CLOSING OF COLORED CHURCHES BY THE POLICE.

Further evidence confirming the statement that the city and State officials are disloyal, and opposed to the policy of the Government in the treatment of the colored people, may be inferred from the fact that in several instances the (returned Rebel) policemen acting under the orders of the Mayor turned colored citizens out of their places of worship, and closed them up, and in one instance imprisoned the entire congregation for the night. Mr. T. W. Conway, the Assistant Commissioner of Freedmen, etc., collected the facts in the case, put them in writing and submitted them to Gen. Canby. After a fruitless effort to obtain from Mayor Kennedy a revocation of the infamous order, which he (Kennedy) claimed was issued in consequence of the noise and disturbance these religious meetings created in the neighborhood, the papers were yesterday sent to Mayor Kennedy, with the following indorsement or order from Major-Gen. E. R. S. Canby, commanding this Department.

HDQRS. DEPARTMENT OF LOUISIANA AND TEXAS,
NEW ORLEANS, July 20, 1865.

Respectfully referred to His Honor, the Mayor: The services in any church at this season, when the doors and windows are necessarily kept open, are probably an annoyance to sensitive and nervous persons who reside in the immediate neighborhood. I have known such complaints to be made of churches where the worshippers were white, but I have never known their worship to be tormented in the abrupt and discreditable manner in which it has been in the negro churches in this city in several instances that have been reported to me. The same rule will be applied hereafter to them as to other churches, and if the services in them have been conducted in such a manner as to furnish any real grounds of annoyance, measures will be taken by the Assistant-Commissioner to bring them under proper regulations and control.

E. R. S. CANBY, Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

GEORGIA.

Correspondence N. Y. Tribune.

Land can be bought at a very low price. One hundred acres lying four miles from Macon—75 acres being cleared, with a log house on it—were offered me for 50 cents an acre. This, perhaps, is not a criterion, but any quantity can be bought for $2 an acre. This comes of slavery—wicked, demoralising, inhuman slavery. It has cursed the soil, and cursed the people. They hugged it to their bosom, staked their all upon it, fought for it—and have lost. Their cup of iniquity was full. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." Bitterly do they feel the scourge of war. Towns and cities burned, railroads destroyed, fields laid waste; destitute of almost all things which make life comfortable or desirable. But the war is over now, and the South have had enough of it. They will never appeal to the sword again. How to reconstruct—that is the question now. I see only one way to do it rightly. Give the Southern people universal amnesty, and make them agree to universal suffrage. In no other way can the work be effectually and well done. The people are all rebels yet. The spirit that seceded, that got up the rebellion, that held slaves, that wants to hold them now, is all alive yet. Allow this spirit to rule, without check, and we know what the result will be.

The President assumes to say who shall not vote. Has he not the right to say who shall vote? Certain classes are, by proclamation and by acts of Congress, excluded from a voice in the Government. This class, by the by, a very dangerous one, are fast being pardoned and restored to all the rights of citizenship. If the men who were foremost in getting up the rebellion, who have fought persistently for four long years, are to be allowed the right of franchise in the reconstructed government, then I say give the loyal men, those who through all the dark years were always loyal, the right also. President Johnson says he has not the right to decide that question. Is he not deciding it every day by giving back the rights which should be forever forfeited? Does he not hold the State of Georgia to-day by the military power? Is there any civil government? Is there any machinery pertaining to a State organisation? If has all to be made anew. Are any of the laws and statutes to be observed that were passed when a State under the Confederate Government? Does not the President appoint the present Governor of Georgia, and is he not pledged to do his bidding? If he does not, then he will appoint another. I admit that the President has no right to come into the State of New York and determine who shall have the right of franchise. There is *no State* of Georgia. We are now about to reconstruct a State out of the fragments which are left. When the President is every day giving the right to men to vote who should never more have a vote, and says he has no right to give the black man, who was ever loyal and true, the right, we know it is because of the latent leaven that is in him, received from slavery and its association.

If the work is not well done now, it will have to be done over again. *I do aver, from personal observation, that the negroes, except from the larger cotton plantations, remote from towns, are better qualified to exercise the right of franchise, than the poor class of whites.* A large majority of the white inhabitants are of this poor class. No one of them ever saw a school-house, and not one in a hundred can read or write. These men all followed the lead of the rich, and are rebels. They will argue vehemently, in their ignorance, for slavery, though none of them ever owned a slave. It is not proposed to disfranchise this class, and now, in the name of God, and for the sake of humanity, give the right of franchise to the black man. In no other way can reconstruction be settled on a basis of equal and exact justice. In no other way can peace and tranquility come to the people of the South, and the turbulent waters, everywhere troubled, be made calm. In the name of the hundreds of thousands slain, let this question now be settled, so that nothing shall ever arise to again disturb the peace and prosperity of this Union. Methought while walking over the battle-fields I could hear the voices of the thousands slain, who lay slumbering beneath my feet, "Oh, let not our lives have been sacrificed in vain. Reconstruct on the basis of even and exact justice to all men. Then will God smile on, and bless, and make happy all who live under the broad fold of the Stars and Stripes. Then will the angels reach down, saying to you, as they take you by the hand 'Brothers, come up higher.'" LEWELLYN.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

VICKSBURG, July 12, 1865.

By the President's proclamation, appointing Judge Sharkey as Provisional Governor of Mississippi, the old State Government is resuscitated. It is well for the country to know just how this step in the process of "reconstruction" is working.

It is not to be believed that the President designed to vitalise the entire code of ancient Mississippi, excepting only the body of slavery. But Gov. Sharkey so understands it. And he has not only revived the Criminal and Probate Courts, and set up Justices of the Peace everywhere, of such material as was elected before the war; but has even declared valid some of the laws enacted by the Rebel Legislature since the Ordinance of Secession.

The fruit of this policy is just what should have been expected. The State authorities will subject everything to the rule of State laws. They thus bring on a collision with the military, and especially with the Freedmen's Bureau.

A white man in one of the counties above Vicksburg went into his field to inspect his planting. He came up to a negro and asked him why he "had not planted cotton here?" He answered, because "you told me to plant corn." This was denied. Again the negro affirmed that he "had planted corn *as he was directed to do.*" The old master then says, "You tell me that lie, do you?" and drew his pistol and shot the black man, whose wife witnessed the murder. The white man was arrested and brought to this place, and imprisoned by order of Col. Thomas, Assistant-Commissioner of the Bureau. The Civil Court tried to persuade the Colonel to give him up to them, as the civil rule was now restored. This Col. T. declined to do, and a writ of habeas corpus was issued. The party for whom it was intended was conveniently absent, until an answer could be returned from Washington to a telegram asking instructions. Thus the case stands. Mississippi demands possession of this murderer to try him by Mississippi laws, all remaining in force. They allow no negro testimony against a white man. If this culprit is delivered on this demand, he will be acquitted. Indeed, it was avowed by the officials presenting the demand, that he would be bailed if they succeed. Their success will settle it *for the present*, and *only* for the present, that white men in Mississippi may shoot a negro for alleged impudence or any other cause, and there is no redress, if only black men witness it. They may maim, assault, and otherwise abuse and oppress the freedmen, and there is no justice to reach the offender! This Bureau is to be the only protection of the freed people. If we have no jurisdiction in criminal cases, the Bureau will prove a failure. These are live questions for the country to consider. A new struggle opens before the country. Slavery is not yet dead! Emancipation may be submitted reluctantly into the Constitutions of the Southern States. Yet they may go on to enact laws that shall make the freedmen worse than it was in slavery. They may have imposed on them all the disabilities of freedom, while they miss what little protection was secured to them by the consideration of their value as *property*.

Their promptness in their present course shows how confident they are of Presidential backing—which they freely avow—and how bold they are in the assertion of their old "State Rights" doctrine, and how reckless they are of a collision with the United States authority.

The writer has recently visited the interior of Mississippi, and knows, from personal observation, that a large portion of the people of this State are hoping and expecting that reconstruction under President Johnson will enable them to restore slavery. They say: "We shall soon have civil government again, and then we can manage our own affairs in our own way." They say this concerning the control of the negroes, and the whole question of labor. The feeling of bitterness toward the Yankees is intensified by the stern fact that they are "subjugated." They accept emancipation, in a majority of cases, as a necessity, but in very many cases they try all possible evasions of it, sometimes by violence and sometimes by artless endeavors to substitute ingenious contracts for terms of years or for life, for the simple recognition of the rights and the manhood of the negro. Oppressed by the operation of State laws made in the interest of and by the men who now hold them as slaves, the freedmen will have no adequate protection but in the exercise of United States authority, and the Freedmen's Bureau is the only instrument and medium of that authority. If this fails, everything fails. If the Bureau has not jurisdiction in criminal causes it cannot protect the freed people, and they are then turned over to the tender mercies of the State Code that rejects negro testimony, and that embraces every enactment prejudicial to their rights and interests that existed under the rule of slavery. Slavery—the legal right to buy and sell them—*must* be extinguished; but everything affecting the condition of the people that grew out of this system will remain. It is believed that the President will see his mistake in committing the whole matter of restoring the Southern States exclusively to Southern hands. The old tendencies will need some check. There are infinite dangers to the freedmen, in committing them again to the operation of the old State laws, even though slavery be in form abolished. Northern men will hardly remain in the South under such a state of things. There are also dangers from the freedmen. We have taught them to fight for us—they will surely fight for themselves. Wrongs will surely bring on collisions; new issues will be opened; antipathies, embittered by the loss of men as *property*, and as a necessary consequence, their assertion of their claim to the rights of manhood, will supplant the interest ever felt in them as *property*, and will largely color the legislation of the future.

Thus the old struggle will be revived in new forms, and the country will yet bleed, as it already does, until justice to all men shall prevail.

We that are working in this strife, not of opinion only, but of power, are keenly alive to the question, "What attitude shall the Government take in this matter?" What the North wants now is not *theories*, but FACTS, the philosophy of which they can determine for themselves, as well as the duties that grow therefrom!

OBSERVER.

ELEGANT SHEET MUSIC.—Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, has laid on our table, "From North to South." Stand up for the Flag," "Pleasant Memories," "O Meet Me, Dear Mother," "Only You and I" and "Invitation Waltz." And he has a great many more he did not bring us.

THE Freedmen's Bureau for Virginia reports that of 2,600 at the barracks at Richmond, all but 818 have found work and homes elsewhere, all that are left are supporting themselves. He also reports, that of 98 "poor whites," similarly accommodated with quarters 60 are still supported by the government. Of the 25,000 colored people of Richmond, (half the population) only 942 receive rations; while at the same time "*eight thousand four hundred and ninety-four* of the white population were fed by the government,"

COMPARATIVE IGNORANCE OF WHITES AND BLACKS IN THE SOUTH.—FITNESS FOR VOTING IN THE SOUTH.

NOTHING places the radical difference between the North and the South so clearly before the mind as an assembly which calls together the country people of the South. No candid observer can look upon such a company and rank it above semi-civilised—the term enlightened has very little applicability. Men, women, and children wear their ignorance upon their faces. Scarcely an intelligent countenance will be seen, even after careful search. The impulses which ennoble humanity have never stirred these souls, and hence these dead eyes and listless, almost brutish faces. None can wonder, after seeing such a company, that the few educated politicians have been able to control this mass, and through it strike at liberty and law. It must have been comforting to those to hear that there was an order of beings even lower than themselves, created especially to be their slaves.—*H. V. N. B., of the Gazette.*

Is is always comfortable to know that there is somebody below us in the world. This is a trait of human nature, not likely to be got rid of by Democratic institutions. In fact the more Democratic we are the more necessity there is for our getting a fortune, or getting office, or building a fine house, or driving fast horses, in order to show the world there is somebody below us. In the South they arrive at this conclusion without much trouble. They have got a "*nigger*," and as long as they have him there is no need of ulterior demonstration. Hence, in the South they build very few fine houses, make but little effort to become millionaires in commerce or manufactures and (except on the race course) seldom drive fast horses. It is true they get all the offices they can; but that was to prove the Yankees were below them. But for a personal demonstration they have got a "nigger." It matters not if these people who come into Raleigh are semi-civilised, with dead eyes and listless faces. What of it? They are still superior. They have a "nigger."

Now we propose to add a little information to that given above, and especially for the edification and instruction of those persons of the North who really do think it would be dangerous to let the negroes vote in the South, on account of their *ignorance and degradation*. We propose to forage on the enemy, statistically speaking. We propose to inquire how much more informed and enlightened and elevated the whites are than the negroes. In order to do this fairly, we take this same district of Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, and the counties which touch on Wake county, without discrimination. The census returns of 1860 in regard to education are not published, but we have those of 1850, and there has been a change for the better since then. The returns give the number of *persons over twenty years of age who can neither read nor write.* We have also the returns of the Presidential election of 1852. There is but slight difference (caused by the difference between twenty and twenty-one mainly) between half the whole number of persons over twenty and the number of voters.

The following is a table of the eight counties around Raleigh, with the number of *male whites* over 20, who can *neither read nor write*; and the number of votes given at the Presidential election in 1852; viz.:

	Male Whites over 20, unable to read or write.	Votes given in 1852.
Chatham	292	1,733
Cumberland	780	2,299
Trenton	430	1,067
Granville	973	1,936
Johnson	723	1,573
Orange	638	2,748
Nash	654	1,113
Wake	1,196	2,389
	5,686	14,858

Here are forty out of every one hundred voters *who can neither read nor write.* Now add to these, those who can read or write a little, but who are really totally ignorant on any matter of intelligent information, and we have more than *half the inhabitants of the capital district of North Carolina in a state of profound ignorance and degradation.* Now, this district contains more than 50,000 slaves, of whom, at the usual ratio, about 9,000 would be voters. It lies upon the objectors to negro suffrage to show that those 9,000 negro men are any more ignorant or degraded than 9,000 of the white voters who actually do vote. But there is another thing here to be noticed, quite interesting in the matter of voting, and we commend it to the special notice of those in Ohio who are opposed to negro voting, and to all lovers of Democracy generally. By the present ratio of representation, 124,000 people elect a member of Congress. The slaves being free, the whole negro population of North Carolina become a basis of representation. The Raleigh District will then be composed thus:

Whites	124,000	Voters	14,000
Negroes	50,000	Voters	none
Aggregate	124,000	Voters	14,000
1st Dist. Cincinnati	124,000	Voters	23,000

With 9,000 votes less, the Raleigh District equals the Cincinnati District, and 50,000 negroes who *don't* vote, just veto 50,000 whites in Cincinnati who do vote. The advantages of this arrangement in Cincinnati are very obvious and very Democratic. 50,000 whites who do vote are *vetoed* by 50,000 negroes, who don't vote! This is superiority with a vengeance. But this is not all. The 124,000 people in Cincinnati have been to the public schools, and have the misfortune to know something. If they could only muster 6,000 men, who can neither read or write, they might hope to get equal advantages with North Carolina; but, alas! we fear that over a tenth part of the number cannot be found in Cincinnati.

The simple truth of this matter is, that in a very large part of the South half the whites are in a state of ignorance and imbecility equal to that of the negroes, and if the Freedmen's Bureau gives (as we hope they may), under the support of public opinion, a common education to the blacks, and the whites do not institute a system of public schools for themselves, the negroes will, in five years, be the superior race.—*E. D. M., Cincinnati Gazette.*

THE rebel leaders are getting impatient at the slowness with which the President is issuing pardons, and some are even said to have sent in remonstrances, asking, if not demanding, that their cases be "hurried up." Saying nothing of the modesty of this course, it shows such anxiety to be reinstated in the possession of their rights as citizens that we may well infer that they set a high value on the elective franchise, and other privileges. If they considered it of so much importance, is it not a hint to ourselves that we should be cautious in restoring powers to them which they have so grossly misused, until we are sure that they have learned to employ them rightly?—*Springfield Republican.*

THE DISTRESS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—We hear of a deeper and more general distress and poverty in Central South Carolina than in any other section of the South. The destruction performed by Sherman's army there was far greater than by any of other armies anywhere. The suffering, as we are assured by credible witnesses from Columbia, is appalling. Cultivated and refined people are reduced to beggary, and do actually subsist by it. We have heard authentic stories of individual cases of suffering that surpass anything known in American history, and equal the accounts of famines in the Old World. The people are dejected as well as distressed, subjugated in spirit as well as in the field.—*N. Y. Times.*

Summary.

EX-GOVERNOR JOHN H. STEELE, of New Hampshire, died at his home in Peterboro, on the 3d inst., in his 74th year.

THE Raleigh *Progress* says the people of North Carolina are growing more defiant, and threaten to hang Union men on the withdrawal of the troops.

THRIFT OF NEGROES IN NEW ORLEANS.—The colored citizens of New Orleans own real estate to the value of $15,000,000, and they now have a daily newspaper—the *Tribune*—printed and edited by colored men.

A MOVEMENT is on foot by colored men to purchase the Charleston *Mercury*, and publish it as an Anti-Slavery journal. Some progress has been made, and money is being subscribed with a good prospect of success.

THE young man who received the first prize for Commencement-day oratory at Rochester University, was nine years ago a canal driver, parentless, unable to read, ignorant even of the time of his birth.

AN attempt was made on Monday, at Muscatine, Iowa, to throw a train of cars from the track by fastening a stick of wood to the track. The train was filled with returned soldiers. The obstruction was discovered in time to avoid the impending danger.

THE MOTTO on the Virginia Coat of Arms has been changed. "Sic Semper Tyrannis" has been expunged, and the words "Liberty and Union" now appear above the Goddess of Liberty trampling upon the prostrate form of Tyranny. A change emphatically for the better. The appropriation of the words of the old motto by the assassin Booth has made them odious to American ears.—*Evening Journal.*

JOHN COCHRANE ON NEGRO SUFFRAGE.—John Cochrane of New York spoke from the portico of Willard's this evening, in response to a serenade, making quite a lengthy harangue, in which he violently opposed negro suffrage. During the delivery of his speech he was frequently interrupted by hisses, cries of Copperhead, and rather boisterous intimations that such sentiments were not tolerable, even in Washington. He finally concluded, and retired amid a sea of hisses, softened by a few applauding voices.

THE Boston *Traveller*, says in view of the course which things are taking at the South: "There never was a greater mistake made than that which was involved in treating the late Southern Confederacy as anything but a conquered country." It goes on to argue that as fast as we concede civil authority to the rebellious States we deprive ourselves of all constitutional power to do justice to the negroes, which the South will never do voluntarily.

GAMBLING at Saratoga is carried on to a frightful extent. Fifteen or twenty establishments are in full blast, and drawing into their insatiable vortex not only the professional gambler, but scores of soldiers and young men. These places are fitted up with regal magnificence, and it is said that the proprietors have an aggregate of $3,000,000 invested in the business, and that their profits are enormous. Pleasure seekers, the rich, the indolent, the idle, the reckless, and innocent victims, fill these saloons, and with liquor and gaming, the ruin of thousands is the gambling harvest of a summer at the Springs.

A SPECIAL Dispatch to the *Tribune*, under date Washington, July 6th, says: A number of the intelligent freedmen of Virginia, are requesting the aid of Col. Brown of the Freedmen's Bureau stationed in Richmond, in collecting their claims for compensation for labor rendered their former masters from Jan. 1, 1863, the date of the President's Emancipation Proclamation, to the date of the occupation of the State by our forces. They represent that the negroes made free by the Proclamation were held and treated as slaves until their former masters were forcibly dispossessed of their so-called chattels by our Government, and claim, with apparent justice compensation for the labor rendered. Col. Brown has asked for instructions from the Freedmen's Bureau and will receive the opinion of Gen. Howard in a few days.

A LETTER from Tennessee says that the return of the disloyal ministers of that State, who fled South on the advance of our army, is having a most disastrous effect. Had they stood by their posts, and not fled as hirelings, they might have entertained, by this time, different views of secession and the North. They have now nearly all come back, not so much as Christian ministers as *Southern men*; and in many cases, they are able to influence a large element in the community. On the other hand, many thinking men are led to ask, if this be religion, what, then, is religion worth?

THE PROGRESS OF RECONSTRUCTION.—All the States in the Union now have civil executives, either elected by the people or provisionally appointed by President Johnson. Seven of the States have provisional governors, and of these, four have already issued proclamations for the election of delegates to reorganization conventions. The first election takes place in Mississippi on the 7th of August, the convention meeting just a week after that date. The Alabama election occurs on the last of August, that in Georgia early in October, and that in South Carolina on the 20th of November.

THE *Army and Navy Journal* disclaims any intention to discuss the negro suffrage question, but wants the people to understand that the logical and necessary result of equal suffrage will be black members of Congress, black legislators, black army and navy officers, in fact black officials everywhere. The Springfield *Republican* adds, very pertinently "true, but what of it? If Fred. Douglass is a better man for President in 1868 than Judge Chase or Andy Johnson, why not make the eloquent black man President? The black man has the same right to aspire to office and position as the white man, and to obtain them if he has the proper qualifications—why not?"

NO DISTINCTION ON ACCOUNT OF COLOR.—The City Marshal of Salem, says the Portsmouth *Journal*, arrested the agent of the Heller troupe for refusing to allow "persons of color" to attend the exhibition while performing in Salem. The complaint on which the agent was arrested was drawn on the act passed at the last Massachusetts legislature, which is as follows:

"No distinction, discrimination or restriction on account of color or race shall be lawful in any licensed inn, or any public place of amusement, public conveyance or public meeting in this Commonwealth."

The agent settled the matter before the Salem Police Court by payment of thirty-five dollars.

THE republic of Switzerland has naturally felt a warm sympathy with us in our national struggle. Mr. Fogg, our minister at Berne, has sent to Secretary Seward two large and elegant manuscript volumes, containing over three hundred addresses of sympathy, condolence and congratulation, adopted by various cantonal and municipal governments and public associations during the war. They embrace the names of most of the civil and military officials of the country, and represent the general feeling of the Swiss people. Mr. Fogg's letter to Mr. Seward concludes with an expression of the hope that these memorials and addresses will be sacredly preserved in the state department, as evidence of the similarity of sentiments and aspirations between the people of Switzerland and those of the United States.—Springfield *Republican.*

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—A telegram from Valentia of the 21st states that the Atlantic cable was landed for earth connection, and two

Miscellaneous Department.

THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION.

Four summers coined their golden light in leaves,
Four wasteful autumns flung them to the gale,
Four winters wore the shroud the tempest weaves,
The fourth wan April wept o'er hill and vale.

And still the war-clouds scowled on sea and land,
With the red gleams of battle staining through,
When lo! as parted by an angel's hand
They open, and the heavens again are blue!

Which is the dream, the present or the past?
The night of anguish or the joyous morn?
The long, long years, with horrors overcast,
Or the sweet promise of the day new-born?

Tell us, O father, as thine arms enfold
Thy belted first-born in their fast embrace,
Murmuring the prayer the patriarch breathed of old—
"Now let me die, for I have seen thy face!"

Tell us, O mother—nay, thou can'st not speak,
But thy fond eyes shall answer, brimmed with joy—
Press thy mute lips against the sunbrowned cheek,
Is this a phantom?—thy returning boy?

Tell us, O maiden—Ah, what can'st thou tell
That Nature's record is not first to teach—
The open volume all can read so well,
With its twin crimson pages full of speech?

And ye who mourn your dead—how sternly true
The cruel hour that wrenched their lives away,
Shadowed with sorrow's midnight veil for you,
For them the dawning of immortal day!

Dream-like these years of conflict—not a dream!
Death, ruin, ashes tell their awful tale,
Read by the flaming war-track's lurid gleam;
No dream, but truth that turns the nations pale!

For on the pillar raised by martyr hands
Burns the rekindled beacon of the right,
Sowing its seeds of fire o'er all the lands—
Thrones look a century older in its light!

Rome had her triumphs; 'round the conqueror's car
The ensigns waved, the brazen clarions blew,
And, o'er the reeking spoils of bandit war
With outspread wings the cruel eagles flew.

Arms, treasures, captives, kings in clanking chains
Urged on by trampling cohorts bronzed and scarred,
And wild-eyed wonders snared on Lybian plains,
Lion and ostrich and camelopard.

Vain all that prætors clutched, that consuls brought
When Rome's returning legions crowned their lord;
Less than the least brave deeds these hands have wrought
We clasp, unclenching from the bloody sword!

Theirs was the mighty work that seers foretold;
They knew not half their glorious toil was won,
For this is Heaven's same battle—joined of old
When Athens fought for us at Marathon!

Behold a vision none hath understood!
The breaking of the Apocalyptic seal;
Twice rings the summons—Hail, and fire, and blood!
Then the third angel blows his trumpet-peal.

Loud wail the dwellers on the myrtled coasts,
The green savannas swell the maddened cry,
And with a yell from all the demon hosts
Falls the great star called Wormwood from the sky!

Bitter it mingles with the poisoned flow
Of the warm rivers winding to the shore,
Thousands must drink the waves of death and woe,
But the star Wormwood stains the heavens no more!

Peace smiles at last; the Nation calls her sons
To sheathe the sword; her battle-flag she furls;
Speaks in glad thunders from unshotted guns,
And hides her rubies under milk-white pearls.

O ye that fought for Freedom, living, dead,
One sacred host of God's anointed Queen,
For every holy drop your veins have shed
We breathe a welcome to our bowers of green!

Welcome, ye living! from the foeman's gripe
Your country's banner it was yours to wrest—
Ah, many a forehead shows the banner stripe,
And stars, once crimson, hallow many a breast.

And ye, pale heroes, who from glory's bed
Mark when your old battalions form in line,
Move in their marching ranks with noiseless tread,
And shape unheard the evening countersign.

Come with your comrades, the returning brave,
Shoulder to shoulder they await you here;
These lent the life their martyr brothers gave—
Living and dead alike forever dear.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HEROES AND SCHOLARS.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S ADDRESS.

At the Harvard Commemoration Festival Mr. Emerson said:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: With whatever opinions we come here, I think it is not in man to see without a feeling of pride and pleasure, a tried soldier—the armed defender of the right. I think that, in these last years, all opinions have been affected by the magnificent and stupendous spectacle which Divine Providence has offered us of the energies that slept in the children of this country—that slept and have awakened. I see thankfully those that are here; but dim eyes in vain explore for some who are not. They shine the brighter "in the domain of tender memory." The old Greek, Heraclitus, said, "War is the father of all things." He said it, no doubt, as science, but we of this day can repeat it as a political and social truth. War passes the power of all chemical solvents, breaking up the old cohesions, and allowing the atoms of society to take a new order. It is not the government but the war that has appointed the great generals, sifted out the pedants, put in the new and vigorous blood. (Great applause.) The war has lifted many other people beside Grant and Sherman into their true places. Even Divine Providence, we may say, always seems to work after a certain military necessity. Every Nation punishes the general who is not victorious. It is a rule in games of chance that "the cards beat all the players," and revolutions disconcert and outwit all the insurgents. The revolutions carry their own points, sometimes to the ruin of those who set them on foot. The proof that war also is within the highest right, is a marked benefactor in the hands of Divine Providence, is its *morale*. The war gave back integrity to this erring and immoral Nation. It charged with power, peaceful, amiable men, to whose life war and discord were abhorrent. What an infusion of character went out from this and the other colleges! What an infusion of character down to the ranks! The experience has been uniform, that it is the gentle soul that makes the firm hero after all. It is easy to recall the mood in which our young men, snatched from every peaceful pursuit, went to the war. Many of them had never handled a gun. They said: "It is not in me to resist. I go because I must. It is a duty which I shall never forgive myself if I decline it. I do not know that I can make a soldier. I may be very clumsy; perhaps I shall be timid; but you can rely on me. Only one thing is certain: I can well die, but I cannot afford to misbehave." (Loud applause.) In fact, the infusion of culture and tender humanity from these scholars and idealists who went to the war, in their own despite—God knows they had no fury for killing their old friends and countrymen—had its signal and lasting effect. It was found that enthusiasm was a more potent ally than science and munitions of war without it. "'Tis a principle of war," said Napoleon, "*principe de guerre*, that when you can use the thunderbolt, you must prefer it to the cannon." Enthusiasm was the thunderbolt. Here in this little Massachusetts, in smaller Rhode Island, in this little nest of New England republics, it flamed out when the guilty gun was aimed at Sumter. Mr. Chairman, standing here in Harvard College, the parent of all the colleges, in Massachusetts, the mother of all the North, when I consider her influence on the country as principal planter of the Western States, and now by her teachers, preachers, journalists, and books, as well as by traffic and production, the diffuser of religious, literary, and political opinion, and when I see how irresistible the convictions of Massachusetts are on those swarming populations, I think the little State bigger than I knew; and when her blood is up, she has a fist that could knock down an empire. And her blood was roused. (Great applause.) Scholars exchanged the black coat for the blue. A single company in the Fourth-fourth Massachusetts contained thirty-five sons of Harvard. You all know as well as I the story of these dedicated men who knew well on what duty they went—whose fathers and mothers said of each slaughtered son—"We gave him up when he enlisted." One mother said, when her son was offered the command of the first negro regiment, "If he accepts it, I shall be as proud as if I had heard that he was shot." (Applause.) These men, thus tender, thus high-bred, thus peaceable, were always in the front, and always employed. They might say, with their forefathers, the old Norse Vikings, "We sung the mass of lances from morning until evening;" and in how many cases it chanced, when the hero had fallen, they who came by night to his funeral, on the morrow returned to his war path, to show his slayers the way to death! Ah! young brothers, all honor and gratitude to you! you, manly defenders, liberty's and humanity's home-guard. We shall not again disparage America, now that we have seen what men it will bear. We see—we thank you for it—a new era worth to mankind all the treasure and the lives it has cost; yes, worth to the world the lives of all this generation of American men, if they had been demanded. (Loud applause.)

ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN BOSTON.

ADDRESS BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From the Boston Journal.

THE seventy-second annual festival of the Public Schools of the city of Boston took place in Music Hall, Tuesday afternoon, July 25. As is always the case, there was a numerous and crowded attendance of the parents and friends of the children. The seats upon the platform were arranged in the manner usual on such occasions. The Hall was very finely decorated by Lamprell & Marble. The balconies were festooned with the national colors, and bore medallions inscribed with the names of the different schools and the dates of their establishment, with the national flags as supporters and "glories" of the same. Above the entrances to the second balcony appeared the names of the successive Mayors of the city, with the year of their administration. Beneath the clock on the first balcony front appeared the inscription. "Seventy-second Festival," with national flags as supporters; above, "F. W. Lincoln, Jr.—1858," on either side medallions inscribed with the names of the oldest and youngest schools in the city, "Franklin—1785," and "Bowditch—1861." On the second balcony front were tablets inscribed, "Franklin Medal, 1792—City Medal, 1821—Lawrence Prizes, 1844." Latin, 1835—English High, 1821—Normal, 1852. The statue of Apollo in the niche opposite the great organ, was appropriately draped in the American flag, upon which appeared the seal of the city, with national standards as supporters.

The prize and medal scholars of the various schools began to come into the hall at about half-past three o'clock, making a beautiful appearance as they took their seats upon the platform. The choir of singers thus arranged numbered twelve hundred children, and were under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn. The exercises commenced with the "Lord's Prayer," a Gregorian chant, sung in unison, Mr. B. J. Lang presiding at the organ. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge, of St. Matthew's Church, South Boston, Chaplain of the Day. The Rev. Henry Burroughs, Jr., Chairman of the Festival Committee, then delivered an address, and was followed by Richard H. Dana, Jr.

A trio by Rossini was sung by the pupils of the Girls' High and Normal School, followed by the choral, "How glorious beams the morning star," with organ accompaniment. Wendell Phillips, a medal scholar of the class of 1825, was then introduced and addressed the audience:

ADDRESS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I was invited by the Mayor to address the scholars of the schools of Boston, but like my friend Mr. Dana, who preceded me, I hardly know in what direction to look in the course of this address for the scholars. I can hardly turn my back on them, nor can I turn my back on you. I shall have to make a compromise—that everlasting refuge of Americans. (Applause.) I recollect when I was in college that when our classmates came upon the stage we could recognize in the audience where the family, the mother or sister were by noticing him when he made his first bow. He would look toward them and they would invariably bow in return. By this inevitable sign I have distinguished many a mother, sister, and father among the audience to-day. This is the first time for many years that I have participated in a school festival. I have received no invitation since 1824, when I was a little boy in a class in a Latin school, when we were turned out on yonder Common in a grand procession at nine o'clock in the morning. And for what? Not to hear eloquent music; no, but for the sight of something better than art or music—that thrilled more than eloquence—a sight which should live in the memory forever—the best sight which Boston ever saw—the welcome of Lafayette on his return to this country after an absence of a score of years. I can boast, boys and girls, more than you. I can boast that these eyes have beheld the hero of three revolutions; this hand has touched the right hand that held up Hancock and Washington. Not all this glorious celebration can equal that glad reception of the nation's benefactor by all that Boston could offer him, a sight of its children. It was a long procession, and, unlike other processions, we started punctually at the hour published. They would not let us wander about, and did not wish us to sit down. I there received my first lesson in hero worship. I was so tired after four hours' waiting I could scarcely stand, but when I saw him—that glorious old Frenchman!—I could have stood until to-day. Well now, boys, those were very small times compared with this. Our public examinations were held up in Boylston Hall. I do not believe we ever afforded banners. I know we never had any music. Now they take the classes out to walk on the Common at eleven o'clock. We were carried out into a small place eight feet by eleven, solid walls on one side and a paling on the other, which looked like a hencoop; there the public Latin scholars recreated themselves. They were very small times compared with these. As Mr. Dana referred to the facilities and opportunities that the Boston boys enjoy, I could not but think what it is that makes the efficient man. Not by flowing with the current. You must swim against it to develop strength and power. The danger is that a boy with all these facilities, books and libraries, may never make that sturdy scholar, that energetic man, we would wish him to become. When I look on such a scene as this, I go back to that precedent alluded to by you, sir, to him who travelled eighteen miles and worked all day to earn a book, and sat up all night to read it. By the side of me, in this same city of Boston, sat a boy in the Latin school, who bought his dictionary with money earned by picking chestnuts. Do you remember Cobbett? And Frederick Douglass, whose eloquent notes still echo through the land, who learned to read from the posters on the highway? And Theodore Parker, who laid the foundation of his library with the book for which he spent three weeks in picking berries?

Boys you will not be moved to action by starvation and want. Where will you get the motive power? You will have the spur of ambition to be worthy of the fathers that have given you these opportunities. Remember, boys, what fame it is you bear up. This old name of Boston. A certain well-known poet says it is the hub of the universe. Well, this is a gentle and generous satire. In revolutionary days they talked of the Boston revolution. When Samuel Johnson wrote his work against the American colonies, it was Boston he ridiculed. When the King could not sleep over night he got up and muttered "Boston." When the proclamational pardon was issued the only two excepted were the two Boston fanatics—John Hancock and Sam. Adams. (Applause.) But what did Boston do? They sent Hancock to Philadelphia to write his name in the Declaration of Independence in letters large enough, almost, for the King to read on the other side of the ocean. Boston then meant liberty. Come down to four or five years ago. What did Boston mean when the South went mad and got up a new flag and said they would put it in Boston on Faneuil Hall? It was Boston that meant Liberty, as Boston had meant Independence. And when our troops went out in the last war, what was it that gave them their superiority? It was the brains they carried from these schools. When Gen. Butler was stopped near the Relay House with a broken locomotive, he turned to the Eighth regiment, and a private walked out of the ranks and patted it on the back, and said: "I ought to know it, I made it." When we went down to Charleston, and were kept seven miles off from the city, the Yankees sent down a New Hampshire Parrott that would send a two hundred pound shot into their midst. The great ability of New England had been *proved*. Now, boys, the glory of a father is his children. That father has done his work well who has left a child better than himself. The German phrase is: "Lord, grant I may be as well off to-morrow as yesterday!" No Yankee ever uttered that prayer. He always means that his son shall have a better starting-point in life than himself. The glory of a father is his children. Our fathers made themselves independent seventy or eighty years ago. It remains for us to devote ourselves to liberty and the welfare of others with the generous willingness to be and to do toward others as we would have others do to us. Now, boys, that is my lesson to you to-day. Be as good as your fathers, unless you are better. You have your fathers' example—the opportunities and advantages they have accumulated—and to be only as good is not enough. You must be better. You must copy only the spirit of your fathers, and not their imperfections. There was an old Boston merchant years ago wanted a set of china made in Pekin. You know that Boston men, sixty years ago, looked at both sides of a cent before they spent it, and if they earned twelve cents they would save eleven. He could not spare a whole plate, so he sent a cracked one, and when he received the set there was a crack in every piece. The Chinese had imitated the pattern exactly. (Laughter.) Now, boys, do not imitate us, or there will be a great many cracks. Be better than we. We have invented a telegraph, but what of that? I expect, if I live forty years, to see a telegraph that will send messages without wire, both ways at the same time. If you do not invent it you are not as good as we are. You are bound to go ahead of us. The old London physician said the way to be well was to live on a sixpence and earn it. That is education under the laws of necessity. We cannot give you that. Underneath you is the ever-watchful hand of city culture and wealth. All the motive we can give you is the name you bear. Bear it nobly! I was in the West where they partly love and partly hate the Yankee. A man undertook to explain the difference between a watch made in Boston and one made in Chicago. He asked me what I thought of it? I answered him as a Boston man should: "We always do what we undertake to do—thoroughly." That is Boston. What Boston claims you should know, know it. Boston has set the example of doing: do better. Sir Robert Peel said in the last hours of his life: "I have left the Queen's service. I have held the highest offices in the gift of the crown, and now, going out of public life (he had just removed the bread from the table), the happiest thought I have is that when the poor man breaks his bread in his cottage, he thanks God that I ever lived." Fellow-citizens, the warmest compliment I ever heard was breathed into my ears from the lips of a fugitive from South Carolina. In his hovel at home he said: "I thank God for Boston, and hope before I die I may tread upon its pavements." Boston has meant liberty and protection. See to it in all coming time, young men and women, you make it stand for good learning, upright character, sturdy love of liberty, willingness to be and do for others as you would have others be and do unto you. But make it, young men and women—make it a dread to every man who seeks to do evil. Make it a home and a refuge for the oppressed of all lands.

The "Image of the Rose," by Reichardt, was sung, followed by a chorus from *Semiramide*, by Rossini, after which the masters and medal scholars of the several schools were successively presented to Mayor Lincoln by Dr. J. P. Ordway, each receiving a cordial greeting from His Honor, accompanied by an elegant bouquet. The Mayor then spoke. "Old Hundred" was sung by the pupils, the audience rising and joining in the last verse, and the Rev. Mr. Coolidge having pronounced the blessing, the exercises were concluded. The occasion was one of more than usual interest, delightful as these annual festivals are to all who participate in them.

THE GLASGOW MURDERS.

From the Saturday Review.

THE confession which has followed the conviction of the Glasgow surgeon adds little or nothing to the overwhelming evidence on which the jury found him guilty, though it seems to conform to the general law by which the confession of a convicted criminal almost invariably contains an admixture of useless falsehood with the avowal of the most atrocious crimes. It is true that the proof of the murder of Mrs. Taylor, cogent as it was, might possibly have failed to secure a conviction without the conclusive evidence on the other charge, and perhaps it may have been some relief to the prisoner to represent himself as only the murderer of his wife. What conceivable solace it could be to his mind to emit the falsehood that the murder was solely effected by chloroform, leaving the prolonged symptoms and the *post mortem* evidence of antimonial poison wholly unaccounted for, no ordinary theory of human motives can explain. Were it not for the known tendency of criminals to infuse some gratuitous falsehood into their dying confessions, it would even be difficult to understand why the cold-blooded murderer of his wife should be careful to deny the less atrocious and deliberate crime which formed an episode in the tragedy. But it always seems to afford satisfaction to convicts of the Pritchard type to allege that the jury who have rightly convicted them were mistaken in some portion of their judgment. It was probably the same strange feeling which induced the prisoner to put forward his intrigue with the girl M'Leod, rather than his pecuniary embarrassments, as the inducement to his crime. He could scarcely have expected any one to believe that he was impelled by what we suppose he would call a romantic desire to be married to a woman so facile as Mary M'Leod had shown herself for years. But it is always idle to discuss the motives of atrocious criminals on the assumption that the ordinary impulses of human nature have anything like their normal action. Both the confession and the trial confirm what has been proved by scores of other examples, that inadequacy of motive is rather the rule than the exception in every case of deliberate murder. Now and then an instance occurs in which some overmastering temptation makes an assassin of a man who might otherwise have lived in the exercise of the ordinary virtues of respectability. But these are exceptional cases. A man wretchedly weak in his power of resisting temptation is a criminal of a very different type from the Palmers and Pritchards, who makes themselves famous by their crimes. The peculiarities of these monsters is, not the excess of any passion of malevolence or greed which may break down the ordinary barriers of human feeling and divine law, but the utter absence of anything that can be recognized as human feeling at all. Such creatures need no motive, adequate or inadequate, to drive them into guilt. It is not even active barbarity, so much as an utter indifference to the pangs of others, and a total absence of human sympathy, that supplies the key to their actions. To Pritchard, as to Palmer, it seems to have been as light a matter to drug the food of a wife or a friend as to prescribe an ordinary medicine for a patient. If he had not been wholly cut off from his race by the want of what we are apt to call the universal attributes of human beings, no hope, however seductive—no fear, however appalling—could have nerved this man to sit and watch the lingering agonies of a victim to whom he was bound by the closest ties, against whom he felt no ill-will, and from whose death he could gain only the most paltry advantage. From October to March the plot was worked out with devilish skill—the wife now approaching, now receding from, the brink of death; the husband, with the complacency of a fiend, watching the operation of his art, and soothing the dying woman's sufferings with words of accustomed endearment. Probably the charge of hypocrisy which once escaped the lips of the dying wife was only partly true. It may have been no effort to a creature constituted as Pritchard must be to assume the tone of tenderness in which he habitually addressed his wife. The horrible contrast between his secret acts and his outward demeanor would have no significance for him. The kindliness of manner which not only displayed itself to the last in the presence of his wife, but had made him, as the witness said, the idol of her mother, was probably natural and unstrained. To consider it a mask, designedly assumed to disguise his horrible purpose, would be to suppose him disturbed by some sort of compunction. Nothing of the kind is to be traced in his conduct from first to last, and least of all in the confession which has been extracted from him. We have no doubt he slept calmly while he was waiting in patience for the suitable time to close the tortures of his wife. His case will point no moral against this or that temptation. He had not enough of humanity in him to be tempted; he was simply a wretch dead to all sympathy, buried in selfish insensibility.

The hideous character of his crime was indeed the only defence that an able advocate could discover, except the vain attempt to shift the guilt on to another against whom there was no tittle of evidence, and who could not possibly have been guilty alone. In any case of a proved murder, where the opportunity for the crime has been limited to two or three persons, the exculpation of one necessarily implies the guilt of others, and it is scarcely possible for those who are charged with the defence to avoid a line of argument which not only is hateful in itself but almost always recoils upon the prisoner in whose behalf it is urged. It would have been in better taste and better judgment if the prisoner's counsel had put less prominently forward the sole alternative to the prisoner's guilt, though it is only right to admit that the inference that, if his client were innocent, the woman could not but be guilty was forced on him by the facts, rather than volunteered as a suggestion of his own. The defence, perhaps, went to the verge of the legitimate license of the Bar, though we are not prepared to say that it overstepped it. But if legal professional etiquette was not transgressed, what is to be said of the professional rules of conduct by which the medical witnesses considered themselves to be justified? Every one is interested in knowing how far he may rely on his doctor, and it would not be pleasant to believe that a shrewd medical man who sees unmistakable signs of poison is justified, in the opinion of the profession, in allowing the murder to be completed rather than give an unprofessional warning against a brother in the art. Dr. Gairdner is a man of local distinction—Professor of Medicine in the University of Glasgow. He must be presumed to be capable of forming a sound judgment from the symptoms of a patient; but we are not entitled to say that he suspected poison, for he was not asked the question, and he did not volunteer any statement to that effect. He was called in to Mrs. Pritchard on the 9th of February and saw her twice. He was told of the vomiting and spasms. The patient was excited, and cried out in terror at the idea that he was about to leave her. Dr. Gairdner was puzzled. He thought the symptoms might be intoxication—hysteria; he was troubled by the case, and considered it one that would require "serious and constant attention," and his orders were remarkable. "No medicine—no stimulants—nothing but a plain boiled egg and a bit of bread." You cannot put poison into an egg. Whether this thought crossed the Doctor's mind we are not told, but he considered it his duty to write to the lady's brother—not suggesting foul play, but indicating improper treatment only. Dr. Gairdner is cautious, and it is impossible to say how much is implied in the evidence he gave. However, after the occasions we have mentioned, he never saw the lady again.

Any uneasiness which this sort of statement might occasion is as nothing after the outspoken evidence of Dr. James Paterson. He was summoned to Dr. Pritchard's on the 24th of February to attend Mrs. Taylor. After examining her symptoms he came, apparently without hesitation, to the conclusion that she was dying under the influence of some powerful narcotic. Though not called upon to attend on Mrs. Pritchard, Mr. Paterson had a keen eye for symptoms, and was much struck with her appearance. He "could not banish from his mind the conviction that her symptons betokened that she was under the depressing influence of antimony." Mr. Paterson had seen two women, one dying and the other suffering, as he believed, under poison. He asked no questions, and when sent for again at night declined to go, as he could be of no use. About a week later Dr. Paterson was again called in to Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Taylor having already (as he had anticipated) died from the poison administered to her. On the next day he refused to certify the cause of Mrs. Taylor's death, and wrote to the Registrar that in his opinion she seemed to be under some narcotic, and that the death was "sudden, unexpected, and mysterious." If that had led to a post-mortem examination he believed that the drugging of Mrs. Pritchard would have gone no further at that time. Again he was sent for on the 17th of March. Mrs. Pritchard's symptoms were of the same kind, but much aggravated. He found her terribly altered, and he then believed "that some person to him unknown was engaged in administering antimony for the purpose of procuring her death." He knew that his letter to the Registrar had failed to stay the hand of the poisoner, and that, if murder was to be prevented, he must take more active measures. He did not mention his suspicions to Dr. Pritchard, as that would not have been safe. He prescribed, went away, and never returned. It would have been contrary to etiquette to do so. Pressed on the point, he adds, "I did not go back because it was none of my business. She had her husband, who was a medical man. I had discharged my duty." His duty (as he understood it) was to let the woman die, and in another week she too was dead, and Dr. Paterson never doubted that he had been a silent witness to two atrocious murders.

Dr. Paterson might say with truth that it would not have been safe for himself openly to charge the murderer with his guilt. There might have been some difficulty in the proof, and the indignant virtue of the murderer might have led to an action for damages against his accuser. If Dr. Paterson had interposed, even after the death of Mrs. Taylor, he might have been exposed to much annoyance and some pecuniary loss. Certainly it was not safe. But whatever the result, Mrs. Pritchard's life would have been saved, and Dr. Paterson would have had some consolation for his own personal annoyance. All this he evidently considered. His conclusion was to save her, if it could be done without risk to himself; to let her die, if danger or loss might result from his interference. He wrote ambiguously to the Registrar, in the hope of causing an inquiry. His plan failed, and he was cowardly and selfish enough to refuse to run a particle of risk to save a woman who, as he alone of all the world knew or believed, was being poisoned by inches by the hands of those about her. The almost certain death of Mrs. Pritchard was not enough to outweigh the dread of inconvenience and damage to himself. So he let her die, and we suppose he is not in law responsible for her death. But he has heard words from the Bench such as few men who have not stood in the dock have ever listened to. "There is," said the Judge in his summing-up, "a rule of life—a consideration higher than rule—a duty which every right-minded man owes to his neighbor to prevent the destruction of human life, and in that duty I cannot see but that Dr. Paterson failed." Dr. Paterson's cowardice has met its retribution. The moral condemnation which is thus stamped upon him will scarcely be less terrible than the petty risks which he refused to face to save a life which he, and he alone, had the power to preserve.

SPONGE DIVERS.

THE mode of operation preparatory to a dive is very peculiar and interesting. The diver whose turn it is takes his seat on the deck of the vessel at either the bow or stern, and placing by his side a large flat slab of marble, weighing about 25 lbs., to which is attached a rope of the proper length and thickness (1 1 2 inch), he then strips and is left by his companions to prepare himself. This seems to consist in devoting a certain time to clearing the passages of his lungs by expectoration, and highly inflating them afterwards, thus oxydizing his blood very highly by a repetition of deep inspirations. The operation lasts from five to ten minutes or more, according to the depth, and during it the operator is never interfered with by his companions, and seldom speaks or is spoken to; he is simply watched by two of them, but at a little distance, and they never venture to urge him or to distract him in any way during the process. It seems to a spectator as if the diver were going through a sort of mysterious ceremony or incantation.

When, from some sensation known only to himself, after those repeated long-drawn and heavy inspirations, he deems the fitting moment to have arrived, he seizes the slab of marble, and after crossing himself and uttering a prayer, plunges with it like a returning dolphin into the sea, and rapidly descends. The stone is always held during the descent directly in front of the head, at arms length, and so as to offer as little resistance as possible; and, by varying its inclination, it acts likewise as a rudder, causing the descent to be more or less vertical as desired by the diver. As soon as he reaches the bottom he places the stone under his arm to keep himself down, and then walks about upon the rock, or crawls under ledges, stuffing the sponges into a netted bag with a hooped mouth, which is strung round his neck to receive them; but he holds firmly to the stone or rope all the while, as his safeguard for returning and for making the known signal at the time he desires it. Now let us notice the proceedings of his companions in the boat floating some twenty or thirty fathoms above him.

The two men who were nearest to him previously to his making the dive, but who systematically seem to place themselves so as to prevent him from conceiving the idea of being impatiently watched by them whilst undergoing the preparation, spring to their feet as he disappears, and rush to the rope, which one of them holds in his hand, veering it out or shortening it, as the diver moves about on the bottom; and as soon as the signal indicative of his wish to return is felt, they commence hauling up the rope with great energy and earnestness, and in a way calculated to insure the greatest expedition of ascent, since the overstay of a few seconds may be a point of life or death to the diver. The hauling up is thus effected: The assistant who has hold of the rope, awaiting the signal, first reaches down with both hands as low as he can, and there grasping the rope, with a great bodily effort raises it up to nearly arm's length over his head; the second assistant is then prepared to make his grasp as low down as he can reach, and does the same, and so on the two alternately, and by a fathom or more at a time, and with great rapidity, bring the anxious diver to the surface.

A heavy blow from his nostrils to expel the water and exhausted air indicates to his comrades that he is conscious and breathes. A word or two is then spoken to him by one of his companions, to encourage him, if he seems much distressed, as is often the case; and the hearing of the voice is said by them to be a great support at the moment of their greatest state of exhaustion. A few seconds rest at the surface, and then the diver returns in the boat to recover, generally putting on an under garment or jacket to assist the restoration of the animal heat he has lost, and to prevent the loss of more by the too rapid evaporation of water from his body. Such is the trying life of a Levantine sponge-diver; and doubtless there are very few of us who have any idea of what a fellow-creature has suffered in procuring that little article which has become a necessity of our toilet-table, and the luxury of our morning ablutions.—*Captain Spratt's Travels in Crete.*

*PRECIOUS STONES.**

From the Spectator.

IN this beautiful volume, got up as only his books ever seem to be got up, with a simple elegance in strict accord with his style, Mr. King endeavors to include all that is known upon the history and qualities of precious stones. Long distinguished as an authority upon "gems" in the artistic sense of the word, he has in the course of his researches collected a vast quantity of information upon the materials employed for the designs he has studied so deeply, and this he has given to his readers in a series of papers, each containing a complete history of some one stone, its nature and qualities, its use in the ancient world, its magic reputation in the Middle Ages, the modern estimate of its value, the best known plain examples, and if it has been used for engravings, the highest specimens of art so preserved which in the course of his researches have come before him. He adds chapters upon gold and silver, upon pastes and the various devices for swindling the collector, a translation of "Orpheus upon Gems," the ancient song which professes to describe all the mystic qualities ascribed to stones in the ancient world, a chapter on prices, and another containing the chemical analysis of every stone. Of them all, that on prices is the only unsatisfactory one, the public really needing information such as only an experienced lapidary can give—a clue to comparative prices such as may enable them to check the trading jewellers, whose profits, necessarily large, are unreasonably increased by the ignorance of purchasers. Mr. King only informs us that the ruby when exceeding a carat in weight costs more than the diamond, the price rising occasionally to £100 a carat, that the average value of the diamond of the highest quality is £30 a carat (?), that emeralds and sapphires are worth when fine about £3 per carat, that a perfect turquoise half an inch in diameter may be worth £10, but the little turquoise millet seed used to encrust the jewels sell for sixpence a dozen, and that Brazilian topazes in the rough are not worth more than £2 per *pound*. None of these prices will in the least help the purchaser, who will be told by the trade, which delights in fancy prices, that they are all absurd, and there are in practice, we fancy, only three rules worth much to the unskilled public when in search of really good stones. These are, first, never to buy of a jeweller, but always unset stones of a lapidary who deals in nothing else. He will give you an indefinitely larger choice at an indefinitely lower price, and as you can really see an unset stone, you have at least the advantage of your eyes, which you have not when the stone is crusted up with what it pleases some jewellers to call gold. Secondly, buy no stone of any value without a written statement of its weight, verified before the purchaser's eyes; and thirdly, recollect that all stones except the finest diamonds and rubies are cheaper than the popular impression of their price, and that the inferior stones—beryls, topazes, amethysts, turquoises, garnets, and onyxes—are comparatively very cheap indeed, being produced in quantities which render enormous prices simply waste of money. The pink topaz, for example, often so highly valued by jewellers, is simply the yellow Brazilian topaz subjected to the action of fire, and the aqua marina, a stone sometimes almost as beautiful as the emerald, existing in such masses as to have lost almost entirely its ancient value, the supply from Saxony, Siberia, and America being greatly in excess of the demand. "It possesses very great lustre, especially by lamp-light; hence the lighter-colored varieties have long been used in jewelry as fraudulent substitutes for the true diamond, a deception noted as early as the end of the fifteenth century by Camillo Leonardo, in treating of the tricks of the jewellers in his own times. At present it is similarly employed in Germany under the name of 'Diamond of the Rhine.' Hence it happens that people have often flattered themselves with being owners of a diamond of enormous value, which, on examination by a skilful lapidary, has turned out to be nothing more than a small, worthless aquamarine. The stone has gone completely out of fashion in this country (though not in Italy), in consequence of the abundance in which it is now produced by the different regions above mentioned, and that, too, in masses often of enormous size, their dimensions reminding us of the monstrous smaragdi spoken of by Apion and Theophrastus. Thus in the British Museum are two beryls from Acworth, New Hampshire, one weighing 48 and the other 83 pounds." We have often wondered that the transluscence of the stone, a quality in which it is unequalled by any others found in such quantities, has not tempted jewellers into wasting it a little by cutting it into imitative forms. A coronal of small vine-leaves cut in beryls would be far more beautiful than the tasteless crust of gems recently used for tiaras. The Oriental art of imitating flowers in gems alone, without the intervention of enamels, seems forgotten by our jewellers, and might be revived, to the immense improvement of the taste of the very rich. The amethyst also is a gem of very much lower value than the majority of people believe. The true "Oriental amethyst" is of course of great price, being, in fact, a purple sapphire, but not one jeweller in five ever saw one, any more than he has seen a rose-colored diamond, and the stone popularly so called, with its delicious color, as of quivering port wine, is only a rock quartz colored purple by the presence of manganese and iron, and is obtainable in endless quantities.

"Even in the last century the common amethyst was held in high estimation, when Queen Charlotte's necklace of well-matched amethysts, the most perfect ever got together, was valued at 2,000*l.*; at present it would not command as many shillings, so vast has been the importation of late years of German amethysts and topazes (purple and yellow crystals of quartz), which are got in endless abundance from various parts of Hungary, Bohemia, and notably at Oberstein, where they are cut and polished by steam power, and dispatched into all parts of Europe to be made up into cheap articles of jewelry. They are also found plentifully about Wicklow, in Ireland. Barbot mentions a crystal of this kind as recently brought to Paris of the vast weight of 65 kilos. (about 140 lb.). When the gem was in fashion it was formerly imported largely from the East Indies, and these were light-colored, the purple being shaded not equally, but extremely lustrous. The color of the amethyst can be dispelled by a careful roasting in hot ashes. Hence in the last century, when it was the great desideratum of the jewellers to obtain a suite of stones all exactly of the same tint, they were able to obtain the result by subjecting the several pieces to the heat for a greater or less time, until they were all brought to the same shade of purple. According to modern usage this is the only gem it is allowable to wear in mourning."

The garnet, however, which is popularly and most unfairly despised, is of much greater value. The Guarnaccino garnet, with a sub-yellow, is a costly stone, and the "almandine," or purple garnet of Siam, sometimes fetches a high price, while even the inferior sorts are from their excessive hardness valuable. "Our garnets and carbuncles, aluminous silicates colored by iron oxide, are now supplied in vast quantities from the mines of Zöblitz, in Silesia, from the Tyrol, and from Hungary. These are all inferior, both in beauty and hardness, to those from Siam, which send stones of the richest red, tinged with yellow, besides its peculiar purple-tinted alamandines. The latter also come in abundance from Ceylon; hence the popular name of Ceylon rubies, by means of which our jewellers obtain a better price for them from the ignorant. In spite of this abundance, even now a stone of a certain size, of a fine rich tint, and free from flaws, is of considerable value, ranging from £8 to £10." There are some glorious jewels extant in this stone, the finest in the world being in the collection of the Duke of Marlborough. "That very intaglio to which, as Köhler justly observes, neither ancient nor modern art has ever produced an equal as regards the skill and industry displayed in the execution, 'The Head of the Dog Sirius,' in the Marlborough collection, is engraved in a perfect Indian garnet of unusual size and beauty. The impression from this intaglio presents the head in full relief, with open jaws, the interior of the mouth represented with miraculous fidelity; and its value still further enhanced by the legend on the collar, ΓΑΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΕΙ. The antiquity of this work has been disputed, without much cause: certain it is that the artist, Natter, to whom it has been assigned, was far from capable of producing such a masterpiece."

We cannot follow Mr. King through his volume, and prefer therefore to condense his information on two points, both of importance to the public from their extreme liability to be cheated—his account of the opal, and of the pastes by which able artists imitate all jewels. The opal, now once again among the most fashionable of stones, is composed of pure silica and water, the latter in the proportion of 10 per cent., a structure which renders it very delicate, heat or extreme cold equally destroying it. Its strange iridescence, which Pliny thought combined the flash of every stone, proceeds from "the reflection and refraction of light in certain openings in the interior of its mass, which are not fissures, but arranged in regular directions." The water is imbibed from the outside, the stone being porous, and therefore liable to lose its colors when the fissures on which they depend get choked with dust or grease. The stone, therefore, is not one which it is worth while to purchase at very high prices, as it cannot be made to descend for generations with its lustre unimpaired. Those who possess it should be careful not to let water or soap approach it, and not to expose it to any excessive heat. The gem is now principally procured from the Hungarian mines of Czervenitza and from Mexico, but purchasers must beware of the latter. "The Hungarian opals exhibiting an uniform milkiness of surface, more or less iridescent, have from their greater density the advantage of resisting the effects of wear longer than any other sort; hence their superior value. But infinitely greater is the beauty of the Mexican when recent, presenting an unmixed globule of green fire, like the glowworm's lamp, or a ball of phosphorus moistened with oil. Nevertheless of so porous a nature is this kind, that it becomes colorless if wetted, and changes to an opaque brown after a brief existence as a jewel, and consequently it has no value in the gem market."

Pastes or imitation stones of the best class are now almost always made in one way. The basis of all is "strass," a substance so called from the chemist who invented it, which was formerly made from litharge, white sand, and potass, in nearly equal proportions, but to these the Parisian makers now add a certain proportion of borax, and the paste comes out with the brilliancy of the pure diamond and a hardness which defies the file, the jeweller's great test. For sapphire, oxide of cobalt is mixed with the strass, and for emerald, the green oxide of copper and oxide of chrome, for the beryl, antimony and the oxide of cobalt, and for garnet, antimony, purple cassius, and oxide of manganese. The Romans often add a kind of cap made of